

GREMLINS

II



**TEENAGE MUTANT
NINJA TURTLES**

ROBOCOP

II

IND

®

No.
298
October
1990

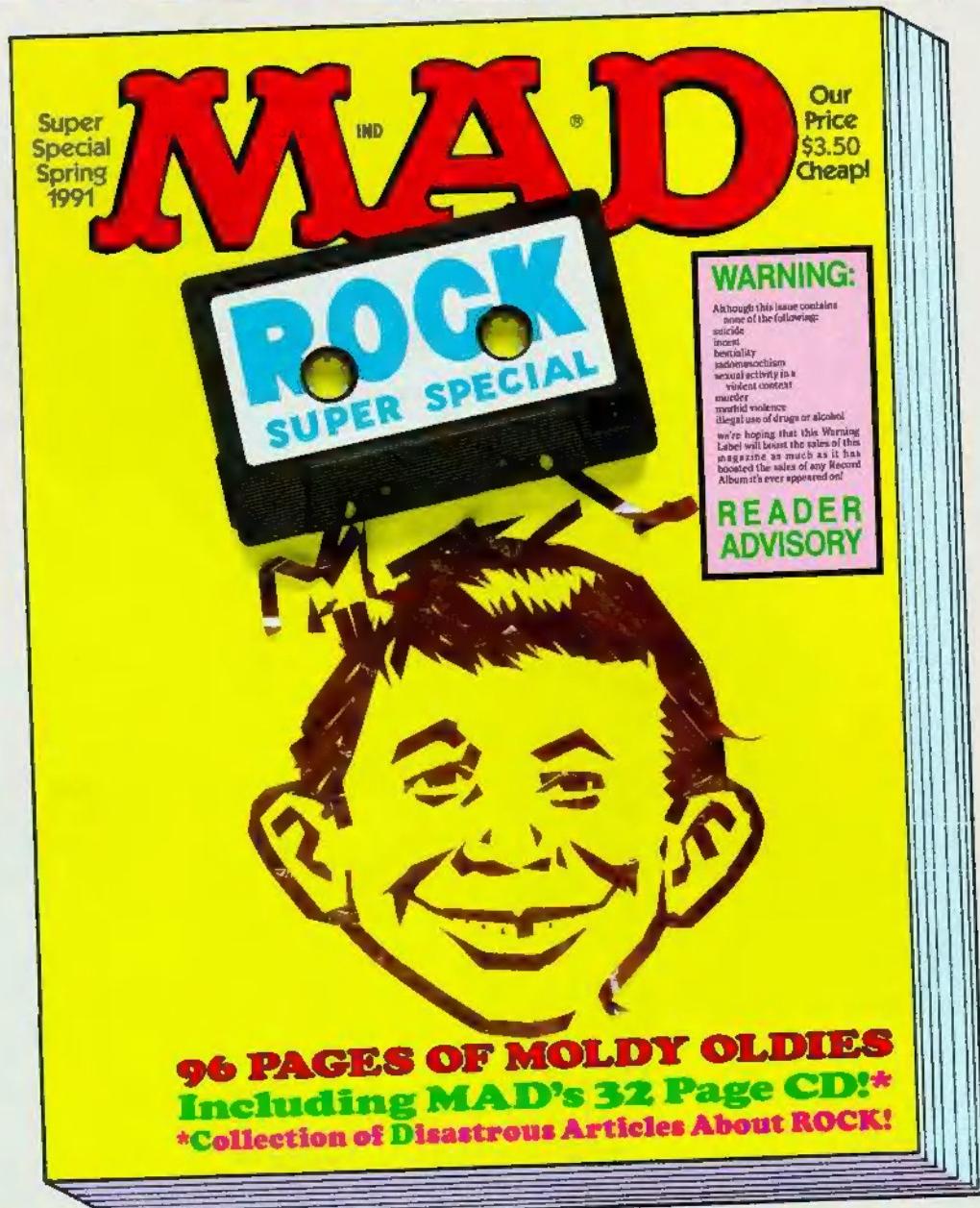
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MAD

"TV would be a lot more worthwhile if they shot fewer shows and more producers!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CHARLIE KADAU, JOE RAIOLA, SARA F. FRIEDMAN *associate editors*

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GLORIA ORLANDO, LILLIAN ALFONSO, M.C. GAINES *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

DEPARTMENTS

A HEAVY COUGH TO BEAR DEPARTMENT

Drama on Page 37 13½

BANG THE DUMB SLOWLY DEPARTMENT

Early Warning Signs of Stupidity 40

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side of 18

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEHEADED DEPARTMENT

Duck Edwing Axe Up! 28

BRIGHT UNSEEN DEPARTMENT

"Hey—Look Behind You!" 16

BOOR AND ORDER DEPARTMENT

The Obnoxious Sports Fan's Supply Catalogue 13

CORN LOSER DEPARTMENT

Drama on Page 9 1,062

COWA-BUNGLEDERS! DEPARTMENT

"Teen-Rage Moolah Nitwit Turtles" (A MAD Movie Satire) 33

DECIBILL OF GOODS DEPARTMENT

Brand Name Sound Effects 30

FIENDS LIKE OLD TIMES DEPARTMENT

Villains Awaiting Batman's Return to TV 45

HARD ATTACK DEPARTMENT

Really Difficult Is 10

HEX-RATED DEPARTMENT

Mad Curses!!! 48

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy vs. Spy 32

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones **

METAL DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT

"Robocrap 2" (Another MAD Movie Satire) 23

THE PEST IS YET TO COME DEPARTMENT

"Grimlins Pt! The New Botch" (Yet Another MAD Movie Satire) 4

THE SCENE OF THE GRIND DEPARTMENT

The Lambada in Everyday Life 38

THE VANISH INQUISITION DEPARTMENT

Endangered Species of the Music World 42

**Various Places Around the Magazine

FRONT COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS BACK COVER WRITER: AL JAFFE

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VITAL FEATURES

"GRIMLINS PTU: THE NEW BOTCH"
(A MAD MOVIE SATIRE)
Pg. 4



THE OBNOXIOUS SPORTS FAN'S SUPPLY CATALOGUE Pg. 13

ROBOCRAP 2 (YET ANOTHER MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 23



"TEEN-RAGE MOOLAH NIWIT TURTLES" (ANOTHER MAD MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 33



EARLY WARNING SIGNS OF STUPIDITY Pg. 40



VILLAINS AWAITING BATMAN'S RETURN TO TV Pg. 45

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LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK: GEEKS OR GODS?

Special note: Due to the overwhelming number of letters we received regarding "The MAD New Kids on the Block True or False Personality Quiz" (which appeared in MAD #296), we are turning this entire letters page into an open forum, a free-wheeling and intelligent (yeah, right!) exchange of ideas, so that we may all learn to live in harmony!

I am a 14-year-old New Kids on the Block fan writing to tell you how angry your article on the New Kids made me. Your so-called "caricatures" were mean, low, degrading, inhuman and obviously written out of pure jealousy. Next Friday, my many friends and I are having a burning of your magazines. If you think that I am not serious, why don't you join us in our joyous occasion: "Burn Fest '90."

Jen La Croix
Milford, MA

Burning books sounds like a classic way to jazz up an otherwise dull and meaningless existence! We bet the New Kids would love to join you, but as everybody knows, they aren't allowed to play with matches! —Ed.



Thank the Lord that somebody told the true facts about the New Kids! Danny reminds me of Herman Munster! I just wanted to say good job! MAD strikes again!

Rachel Coyle
Bisbee, AZ

Thanks, it's always good to hear from intelligent and thoughtful readers! —Ed.

You G____d____ mother f____ing a____holes! New Kids are better than you f____ing sh____ing a____es. I'm 13-years-old and I know New Kids are better than you! So you better watch your G____d____ a____! Don't be jealous because New Kids are f____ing cute! F____ you!

Anonymous

Like we said, it's always good to hear from intelligent and thoughtful readers! —Ed.



In a recent issue you poked fun at New Kids on the Block. You should know that these "dimwits," as you called them, are helping millions of young kids say no to drugs. They work miracles, too. A hearing impaired child's first words came through them. Her words were, "I want Joe now."

The New Kids also saved my life with their positive message. I was falling into drugs and crime. I was doing miserable in school and I didn't care, until the memory of meeting Joe McIntyre several years ago sparked an interest in the group. Ever since then, I have been one of their most loyal followers. I am now against drugs, crime and racism. I am very into saving the environment and other social issues all because of five boys from Boston.

Victoria Proctor
Conneautville, PA

Five boys from Boston? Just what the hell do the Celtics have to do with what we're talking about?!—Ed.

From the other people who hate the New Kids on the Block and I, we thank you for putting them in the right place—being picked on by your magazine! The "True or False Personality Quiz" was probably the best thing that I have ever seen in MAD. Thank you, thank you, thank you!!!

Meaghan Beaton
Nova Scotia, Canada

When you say it's the best thing you've ever seen in MAD, we assume you're not counting Dave Berg's hilarious, "The Lighter Side of u Nice, Big Breakfast!"—Ed.

I am disgusted at the way you put down the New Kids on the Block. You have truly proved to me how totally immature and empty-headed you can be. You feel you have to put down those who are better than you. To make this up to me and all New Kids fans, I ask that you put down Debbie Gibson, Janet Jackson, Paula Abdul and Alyssa Milano!

Crystal Basoco
Ontario, CA

Make fun of Alyssa M? The greatest actress of this century?? Now you've gone too far! You're just jealous!—Ed.

With regards to your outstanding tribute to N.K.O.T.B.: If fans of the Grateful Dead are called Deadheads, then fans of New Kids on the Block must be Blockheads!

Christopher Smith
La Porte, CO

Oh yeah? Then what would you call fans of Dick Tracy?!—Ed.

If you don't like New Kids on the Block, it just proves that your magazine supports drug usage since the New Kids are against it. I guess I'm sorry I spent \$1.75 on your stupid magazine when I could've bought a New Kids on the Block key ring!

Kerri Johnson
Kim Peters
Chicago, IL

You'd spend good money for a New Kids key ring? Are you on something?—Ed.

In your N.K.O.T.B. quiz, artist Rick Tulka put a tube of Clearasil in Joe's hat. Since they're all too young for pimples and zits, why?

Savannah Swardz
Marysville, WA

They're only too young for pimples and zits on their faces!—Ed.

I find it hard to believe that mature adults publish a magazine with a freckle-face, pig-nose dork on the cover. I am writing this complimentary letter because you ridiculed the best group since the Beatles.

Colleen Farrell
Pacifica, CA

Au contraire! We never said anything about The Partridge Family! And secondly, we never claimed to be mature, so liar, liar, pants on fire! Nyeh, nyeh nyeh nyeh nyeh!—Ed.

I must say that I was somewhat disappointed to see that you've started the satire of the New Kids on the Block. But, after reading it, I must tell you what a laugh I got out of the whole thing! I knew it was inevitable that they would be in MAD sooner or later! The whole thing was done pretty fairly, for one thing I know after reading MAD for nearly three years is that *no one* escapes the artists' pens at MAD!

Jamie Smart
Gastonia, NC

I would just like to say that Charlie Kadau and Rick Tulka (they wrote a story about N.K.O.T.B. and drew obscene pictures) are a____holes. We thought you were a good and interesting mag, but we were wrong. Your mag is filthy, prejudice & definitely, misjudgingly wrong. You are scum, and when Charlie Kadau, Rick Tulka and all of your people die, may you ROT IN HELL.

Anonymous
Kilmer, NJ

A CHANCE TO GET EVEN

Never let it be said that MAD likes to see its readers' feathers ruffled (not that we actually have any readers with feathers, but you never know)! Anyway, for any New Kids fan that may still feel offended, we now, in the spirit of equal time, present "The MAD Charlie Kadau/Rick Tulka True or False Personality Quiz":

1. Charlie and Rick both think that the New Kids' singing voices sound a lot like Alvin and the Chipmunks records speeded up... TRUE OR FALSE
2. The New Kids remind Charlie and Rick of another group of young men who years earlier burst upon the scene and forever altered the face of music: The Village People ... TRUE OR FALSE
3. Charlie and Rick once heard that the New Kids' post-concert party refreshments can be summed up in one word—"Gerbers" ... TRUE OR FALSE

Please Address All Correspondence To:
**MAD, Dept. 298, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022**

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU!



Dear Readers:

Everything in the new Al Jaffee book shown above has been (just like the title says) rejected by us, the editors, here at MAD!

This means one of two things. Either everything in this book is a lot funnier than the stuff you're used to seeing on the pages of MAD Magazine or, for once, we were right about something!

Proceed at your own risk!

MAD-ly,

The Editors

The Editors

THE PEST IS YET TO COME DEPT.

A few years ago some horrible little creatures capable of death, destruction and unspeakable acts burst on the American scene. No, we're not talking about Registered Nurses, we mean *Grimlins*! And the bad news this summer is they're back! Well, maybe it's not such bad news. If they weren't back, then the next five pages would be blank and not filled with our satire of...

GRIM

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



There are four rules for dealing with Grimlins: Keep them out of sunlight. Don't get them wet. Never feed them after midnight...

What's the fourth rule?

Ignore the first three or else you won't have a movie!

Oh, I think it's really very cute!

Cute? It looks like a hair ball my cat spit up!

We Grimlins only want what all average Americans have: sophistication, good manners and culture!

The genetic engineers wanted to give him the brain of Albert Einstein and the strength of "The Ultimate Warrior"!

What happened? A slight error. He got the strength of Einstein and the brain of "The Ultimate Warrior"!

I'm the nation's biggest real estate tycoon, and the biggest wheeler-dealer! I always get what I want! And what I don't want, I dump!

And if you don't believe him, just ask Ivana!

You know why I'm here! Donald Chump wants to buy your property and turn it into a high-rise, high-tech slum!

Oh? I thought you were the casting director for "Karate Kid 4" looking to replace Pat Morita! Sorry, but I wouldn't sell even if you offered me millions of dollars! There's an old Chinese proverb that says, "A man has nothing if he has no true home!"

There's an even better Chinese proverb that goes, "There goes no schmuck like an old schmuck!"



LINS PTU!

THE NEW BOTCH

WRITER: STAN HART

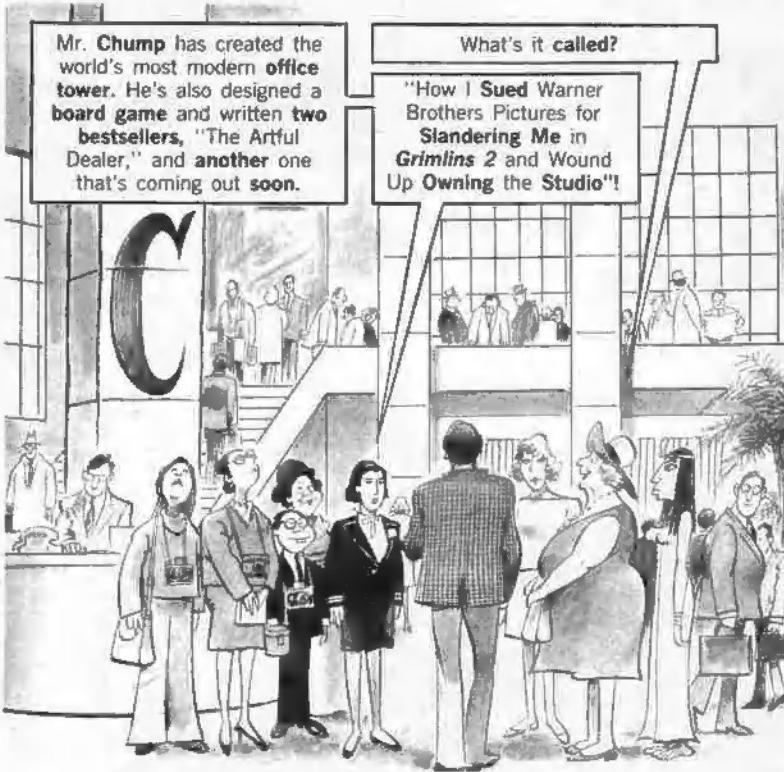
Mr. Wang's death has enabled Donald Chump to acquire the entire Chinatown area! Have they discovered what the old man died of?

Yes! It's a Hollywood disease known as "Author's Convenience." It only strikes those who stand in the way of a movie's plot development!

Mr. Chump has created the world's most modern office tower. He's also designed a board game and written two bestsellers, "The Artful Dealer," and another one that's coming out soon.

What's it called?

"How I Sued Warner Brothers Pictures for Slanderizing Me in *Grimlins 2* and Wound Up Owning the Studio!"



Why do I have this feeling of *deja vu*, Bilgy?

Because we're still going for cheap laughs about inventions that don't work, like we did in *Grimlins* !!

What scary movies are you running on your horror show today?

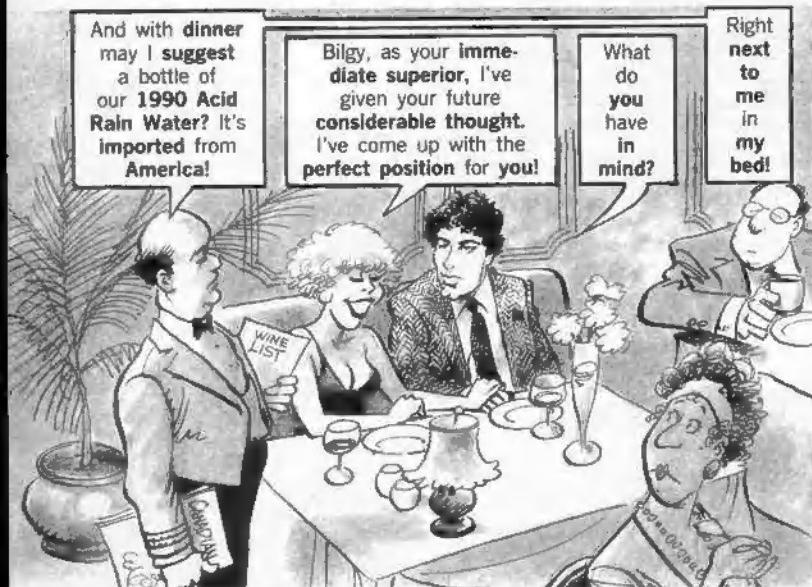
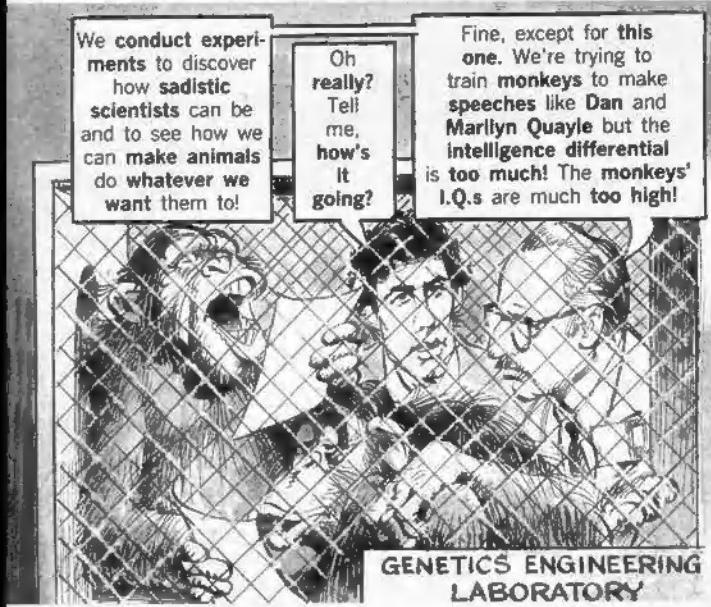
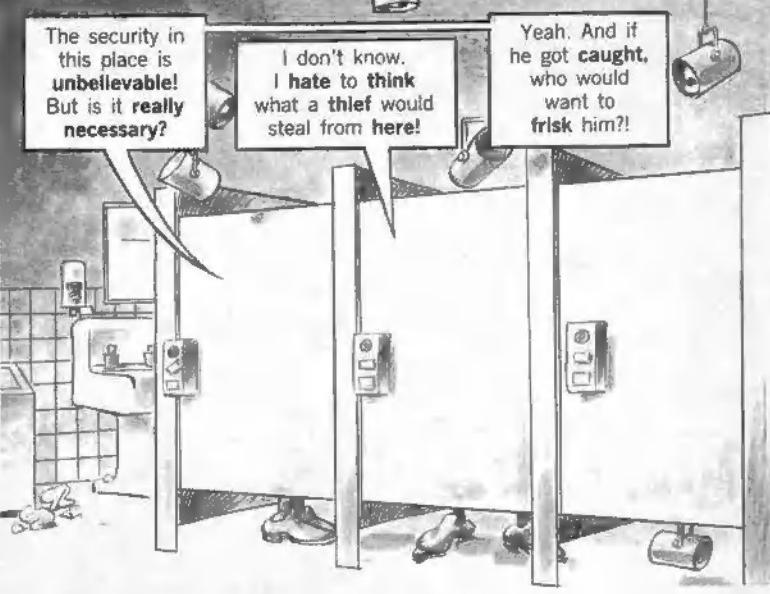
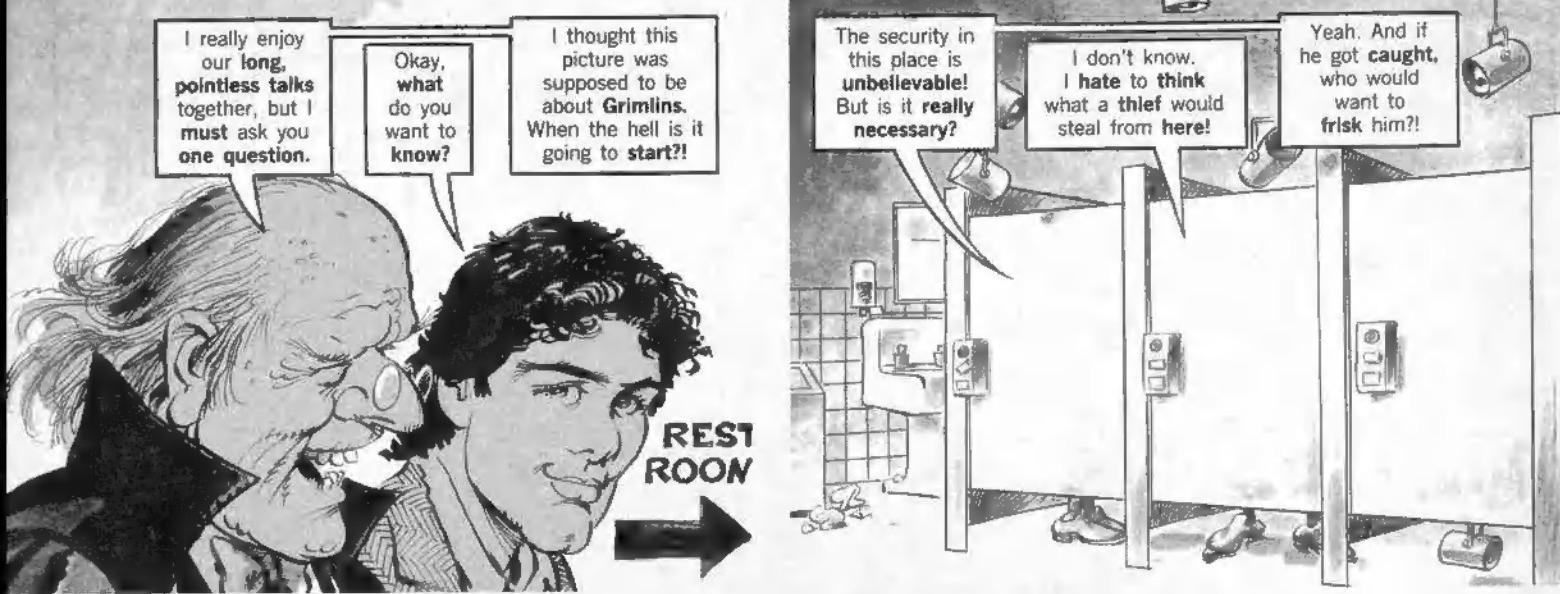
You call these scary? HA! The originals were scary—they were in black and white! But Mr. Chump had them colorized!

That's the modern way! Nowadays, everything worth keeping is in color!

Oh yeah? What about these 48 pages of **MAD Magazine**?

That proves my point! There's no color—but then again, there's nothing in **MAD** worth keeping, either!





Daffy, you've got to stop throwing food around like this! You're giving me another *deja vu* attack!

She saw this kind of food fight six years ago in *Grimlings I.*

Six years ago? How about twelve years ago in *Animal House?*

Nothing in the building is working. Hundreds of people's lives are in mortal danger. There's sheer terror in the corridors and panic on the staircases!

I'll call someone who handles this kind of situation every day!

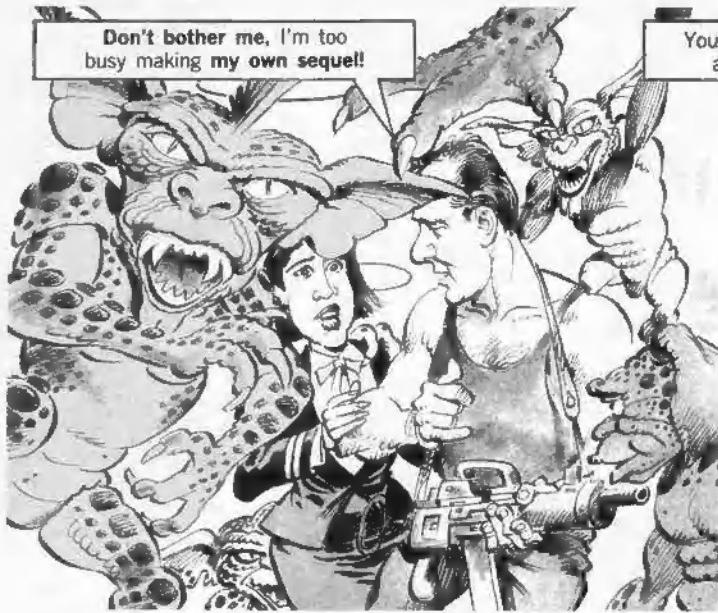
You mean an engineer?

No, an assistant principal in a New York City high school!

Wait, I see a guy who can get this office building back into shape!



Don't bother me, I'm too busy making my own sequel!

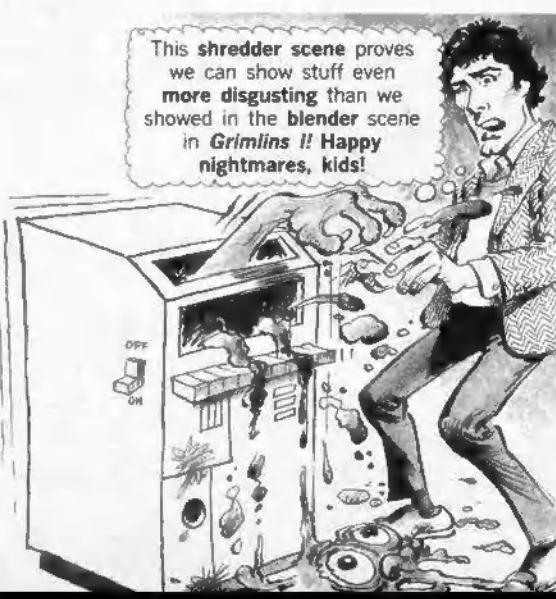


Young lady, take a letter...

Yicch! If that office temp can't type 200 words a minute, the personnel manager is history! Then again, she's got to be real easy at the company Christmas party!

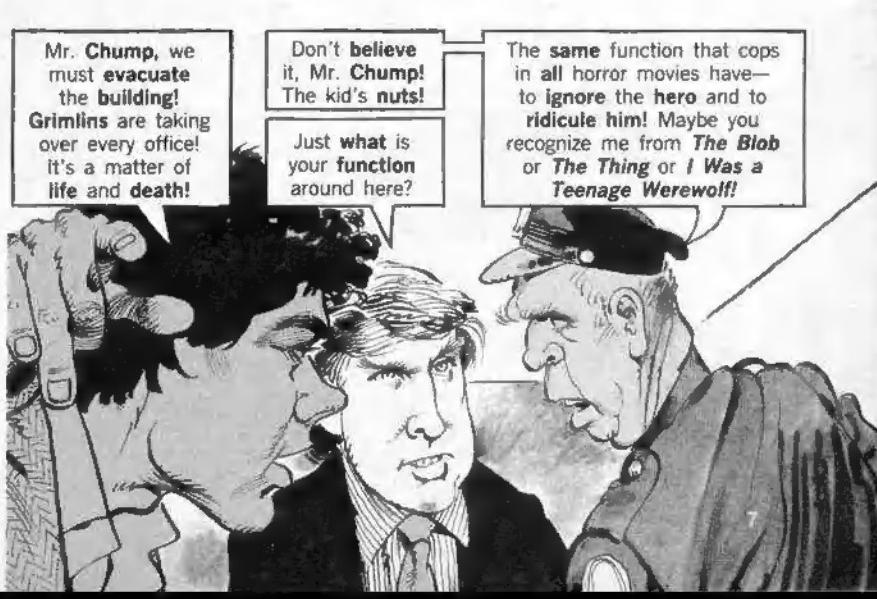


This shredder scene proves we can show stuff even more disgusting than we showed in the blender scene in *Grimlings II*! Happy nightmares, kids!



Mr. Chump, we must evacuate the building! Grimlings are taking over every office! It's a matter of life and death!

Don't believe it, Mr. Chump! The kid's nuts!



The same function that cops in all horror movies have—to ignore the hero and to ridicule him! Maybe you recognize me from *The Blob* or *The Thing* or *I Was a Teenage Werewolf!*

Just because I said that *Grimmlins* I wasn't a great film, you're trying to eat me! Roger Ebert said much worse things! Why don't you eat him?!

We're saving Roger Ebert for our Thanksgiving dinner! He'll feed a family of fifteen!

When they told me that horrible creatures were going to destroy Wall Street, I was really worried! What a relief when I saw it was only Grimmlins!

What were you expecting?

That Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken, and the Drexel Burnham gang were coming back to work!

LEONARD MALTIN TALKS MOVIES

We need a sign that says I'm the Brain Grimlin!

Why?

Otherwise people will think they're watching Joan Rivers!

STAGE

GREEN ROOM

Help me!

I'll cut you down with my Swiss army knife! Let's see, here's the bottle opener, the screw driver, the spoon, the scissors, the nail clipper, the protractor, the shoe horn, the tire iron, the snorkel, the hedge trimmer, the sigmoidoscope, the ... sorry, there's no blade! Oh well, you and the spider make a lovely couple!

It's good to know that the *Grimmlins* won't be able to threaten us ever again!

I'm not so sure! As long as Gizmo has the power to reproduce himself, there'll always be a problem!

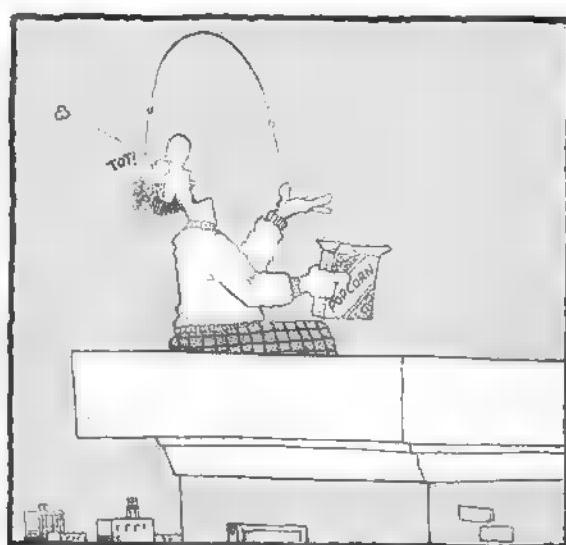
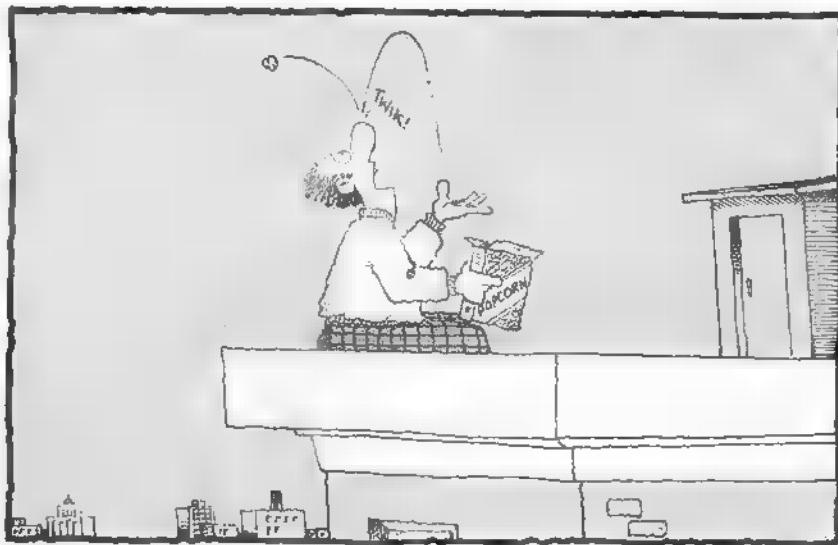
What can we do?

Kill the damn thing!

END IT!

CORN LOSER DEPT.

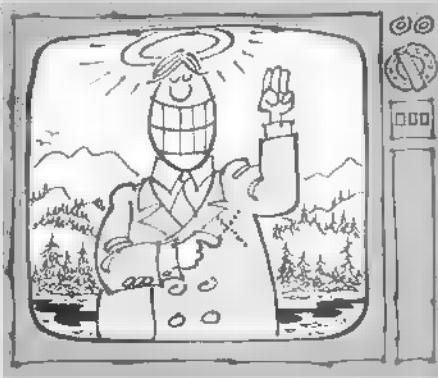
DRAMA ON PAGE 9



ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

CALDWELL

HARD ATTACK DEPT.



Believing anything Exxon says.



Centering ■ Band-Aid on certain body parts on the first try.



Removing the soap from your body after the water turns cold in the middle of a shower.

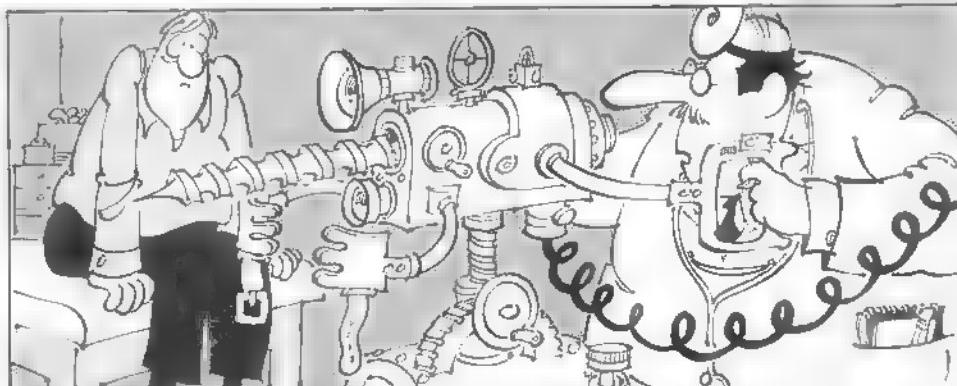
Real Dii



Scalping tickets for a New Jersey Nets/Miami Heat basketball game.



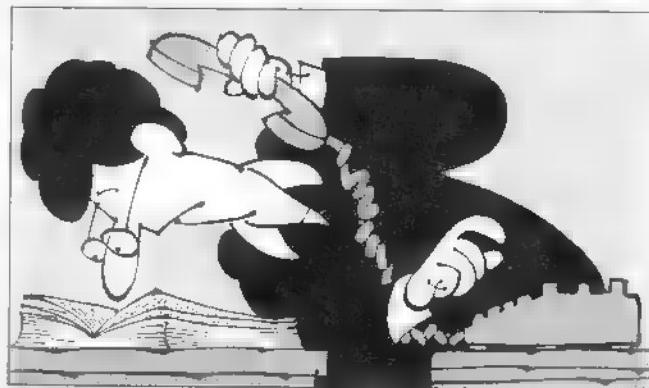
Maintaining a friendly expression after ■ friend tells you that his rottweiler can "smell fear."



Looking calm during ■ physical exam when your doctor suddenly brings out some weird instrument and tells you to take off your clothes.

Playful

FRESH
CEMENT



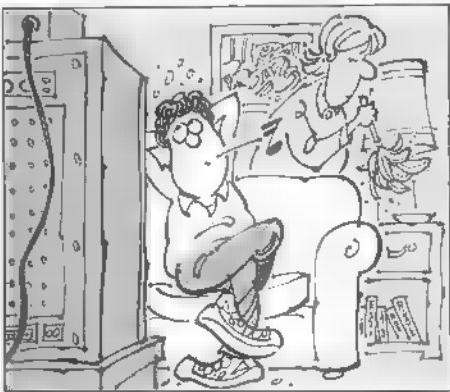
Remembering anybody's phone number six months after you purchase a phone with "autodial."



Acting casual at a topless beach.



Buying ■ car for the advertised price.



Watching ■ steamy R-rated film with your mother in the room.

I.D.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Retrieving ■ contact lens that's traveled up to the back of your eye —or watching someone else do it.



Mending something with Super Glue and not winding up with your fingers stuck together.

Really Difficult Is...



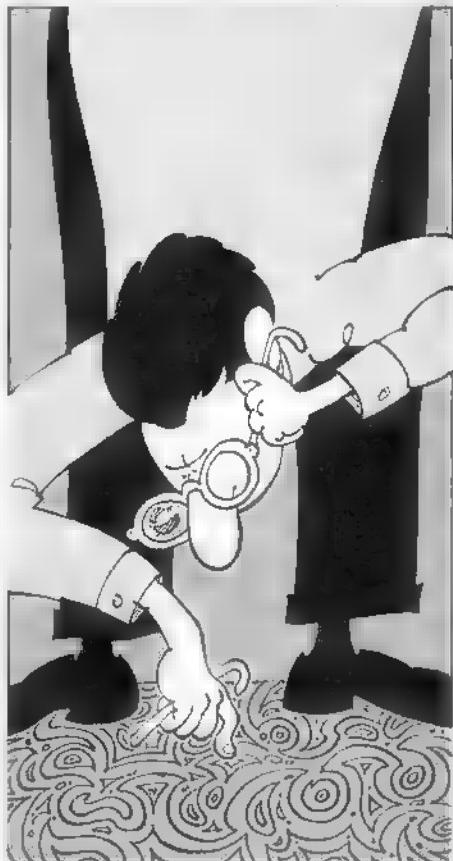
Getting a giant plastic bag of trash into the can once it splits.



Getting through to the Department of Motor Vehicles by telephone.



Getting excited about the annual Bud Bowl.



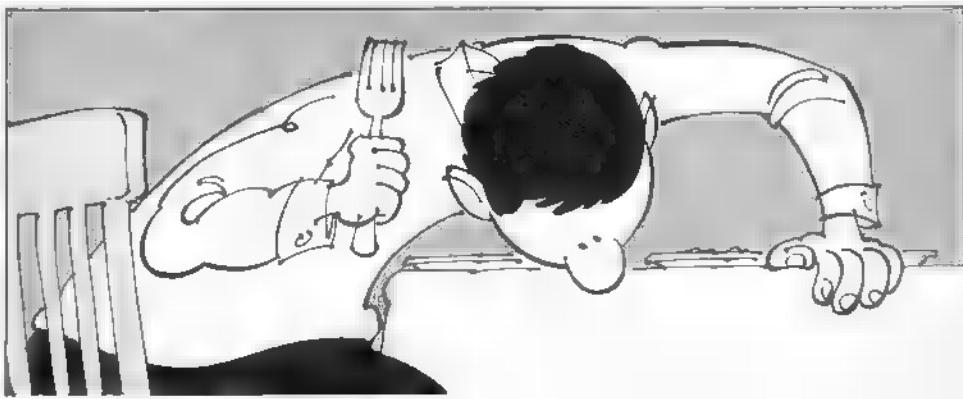
Finding the little screw that just popped out of your glasses.



Programming ■ VCR for a show airing two weeks from Sunday.



Telling the saleslady that she gave you change for ten dollars, when you only gave her five.

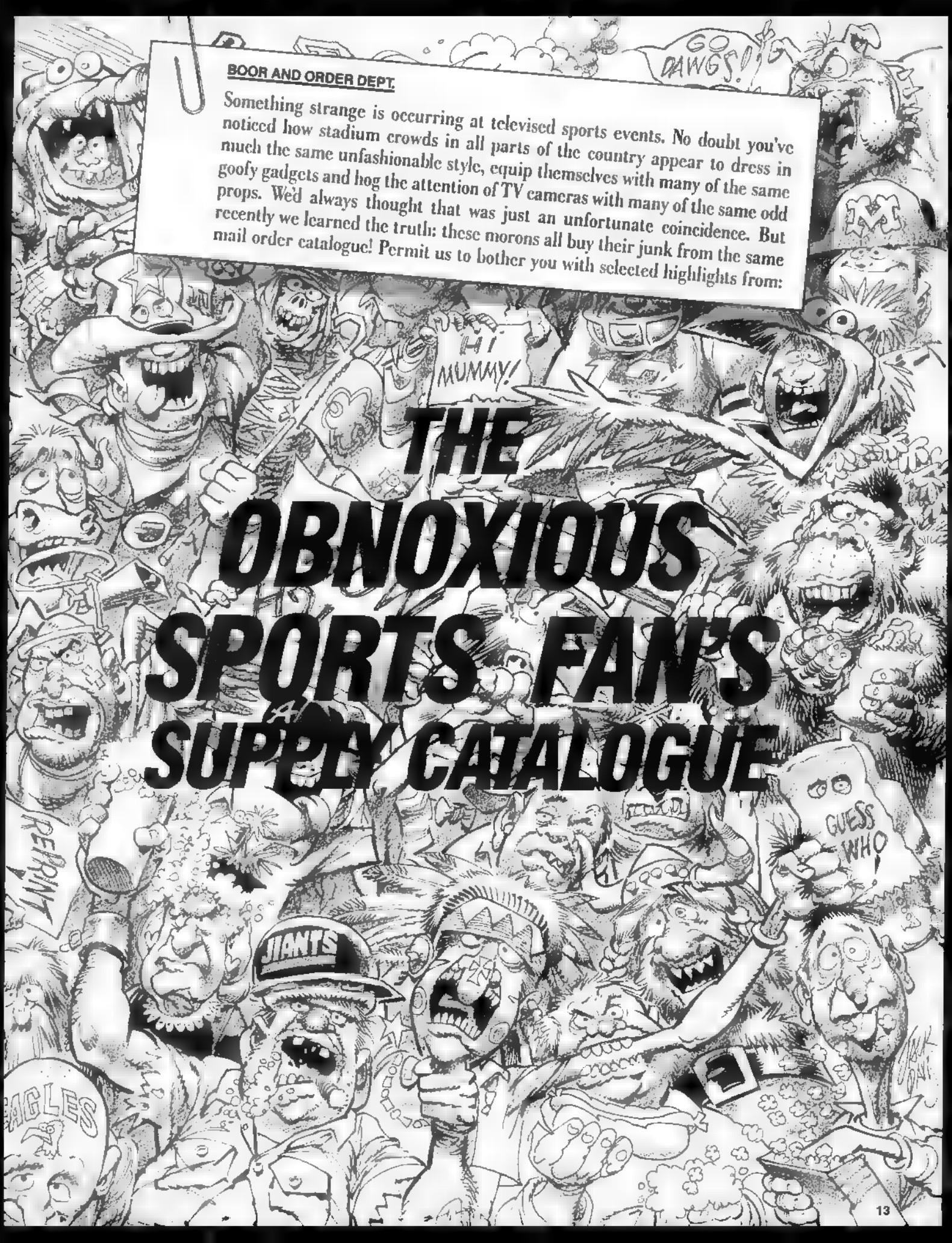


Resisting the temptation to pick up that last piece of incredibly delicious chocolate cake that just fell on the floor, and eat it.

BOOR AND ORDER DEPT.

Something strange is occurring at televised sports events. No doubt you've noticed how stadium crowds in all parts of the country appear to dress in much the same unfashionable style, equip themselves with many of the same goofy gadgets and hog the attention of TV cameras with many of the same odd props. We'd always thought that was just an unfortunate coincidence. But recently we learned the truth: these morons all buy their junk from the same mail order catalogue! Permit us to bother you with selected highlights from:

THE OBNOXIOUS SPORTS FANS SUPPLY CATALOGUE





ARTIFICIAL SLEEPING INFANT assures you of appearing on TV as cameras search the grandstand during dull games to focus on pretty girls and slumbering babies. Lifelike fake tot comes equipped with food-stained tee shirt and grubby face to fool even keen-eyed TV directors. Tie-on strings attach child to your lap to prevent suspicious slippage.

20774 ATTENTION-GRABBING PHONY CHILD \$29.95



IMPROVE YOUR CHANCES OF CATCHING FOUL BALLS with our telescopic-handle bleacherite's net. Fully extended, this little wonder gives you an edge over other ball-hungry fans by letting you catch "fouls" as far away as second base. Net also enables you to garner time on TV as cameras focus on security guards ejecting you from the stadium.

44904 "NETS-TO-YOU" BRAND FOUL BALL SNAGGER \$69.95

"WE'RE NUMBER TEN" is the humble message proclaimed by these giant gloves we had specially fashioned for fans at Columbia, Northwestern and other athletically klutzy schools.

11764 WOEFUL WAGGLERS HUMILITY GLOVES \$5.98 pair



SHOUT CLEVER INSULTS AT VISITING PLAYERS with the aid of our handy cassette player and tape. Let the recorded voice of an obnoxious professional heckler guide you to the proper level of nasal braying as you bellow, "Hey, Lefty, you swing like my grandmother," and 50 other side-splitting witticisms.

55789 CRUDELY CUTTING COMEDY CASSETTE \$29.95



PROMOTE "THE WAVE" AT YOUR NEXT GAME with the aid of our new electrified seat stimulators. Automatic timer causes unsuspecting fans to receive high voltage jolts in perfect sequence. We guarantee they'll leap from their seats to form The Wave while their involuntary screams annoy the visiting team.

29806 "TINGLE-TOKUS" BRAND STIMULATOR \$12.95 per seat

(Or save on our Deluxe 60,000-Seat Full Stadium System for \$495,000.)



OBScene BED SHEET SIGN

lets you play a terrific gag on unwary TV cameramen. Wait until some vital game action is occurring right in front of you. Then unfurl one of these vulgar dandies ■ horrify dozens of network executives and millions of prudish viewers at home.

19336 "DIRTY LINEN"
BRAND BED SHEET SIGNS
\$9.98 Each



"BARE CHEST LOOK" THERMAL UNDERWEAR gives the male fan that macho appearance of one who laughs at the cold by attending football games shirtless. Actually, you remain warm and comfy in this flesh colored garment that comes complete with artificial chest hair. Be admired by girls while keeping warm on even the most frigid sub-zero days.

60039 "TOASTY TORSO" THERMAL
UNDERSHIRT \$12.95

(State size or prepare to look like you have wrinkled skin.)



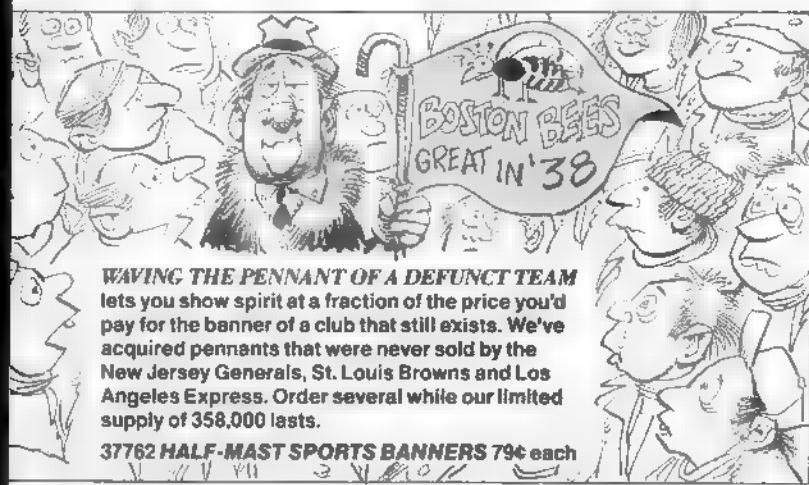
YOUR LOCAL GAMES CAN ACHIEVE A BIG CITY LOOK with one of our bona fide psychos parading at courtside in outlandish clothing. We have hundreds of loonies available on short-term lease while they wait for their sanity hearings ■ come up. Rent one now to live in your home and accompany you to the gym on televised game nights.

78102 DEEPLY DISTURBED "DANCING DUANE"
\$200 Per Month
78103 SCHIZOID SICKO "STRUFTTING SIDNEY"
\$225 per Month
78104 JELLYHEAD JOKESTER "JUGGLING JEROME"
\$250 Per Month



OUR FAMOUS BROWN AND WHITE TERRIERS have all been professionally trained to amuse fans by running in circles on football fields as they elude the efforts of referees to catch them. Each mutt is guaranteed to keep quiet under your coat until you command it to run wild. Be the proud owner of one of 9,000 identical dogs we've sold ■ 40 years of televised football.

41006 MADCAP MIDFIELD MONGRELS \$75 each



WAVING THE PENNANT OF A DEFUNCT TEAM lets you show spirit at a fraction of the price you'd pay for the banner of a club that still exists. We've acquired pennants that were never sold by the New Jersey Generals, St. Louis Browns and Los Angeles Express. Order several while our limited supply of 358,000 lasts.

37762 HALF-MAST SPORTS BANNERS 79¢ each

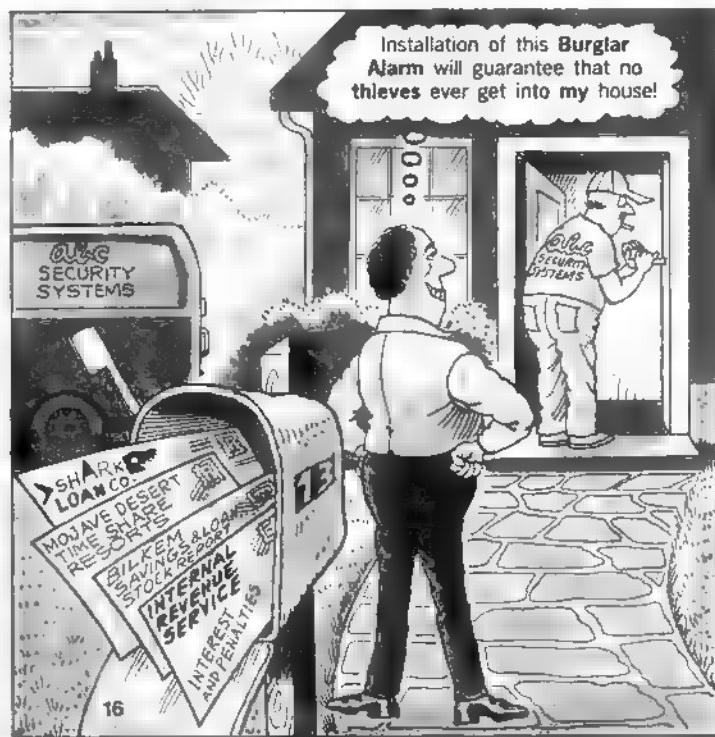
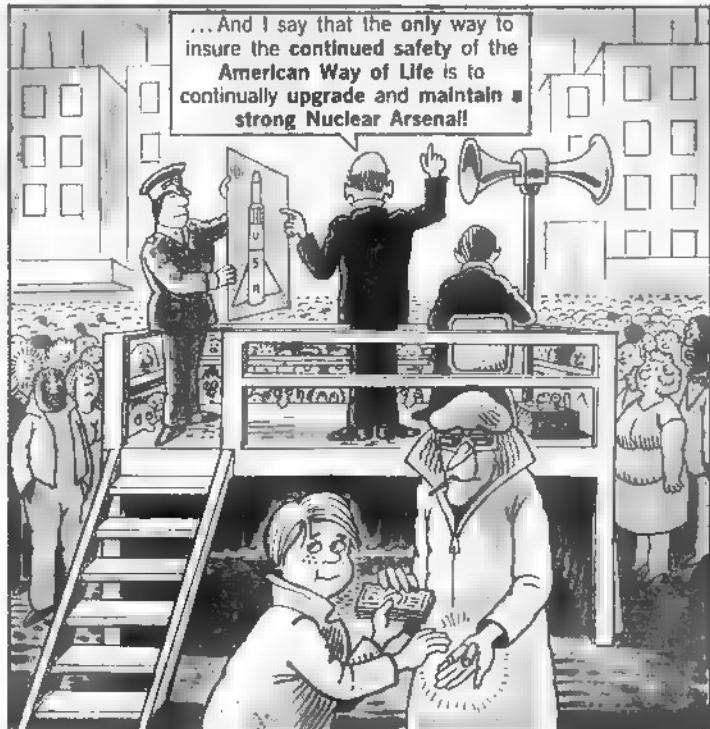
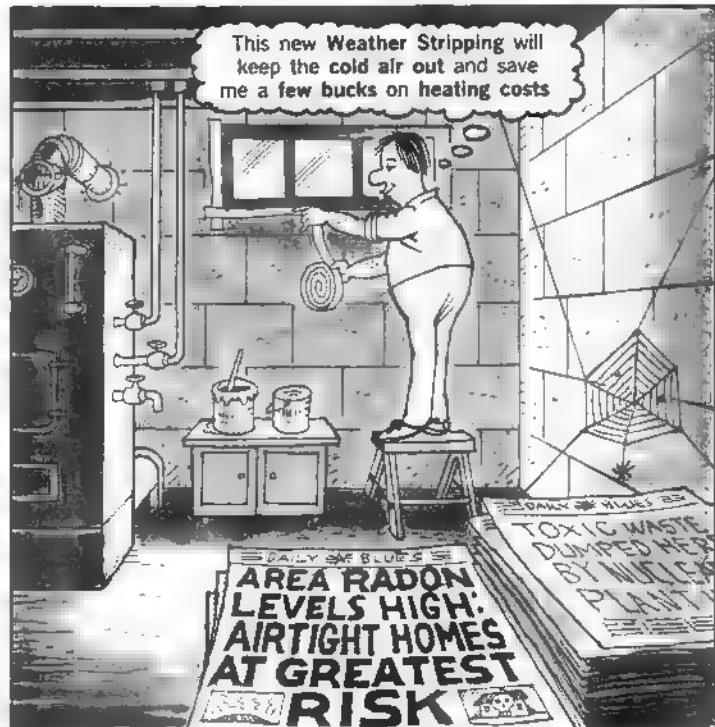
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

At one time or another, you've probably seen a horse wearing blinders. Blinders are a good thing, because they keep the horse in a straight line and out of trouble, since it's unaware of what's going on around it. Sometimes, people are so unaware of what's going on around them, it seems like they're wearing blinders, too! It boggles the mind to consider how many lives could be changed for the better if someone would pull the blinders off these misguided souls and shout in their face...

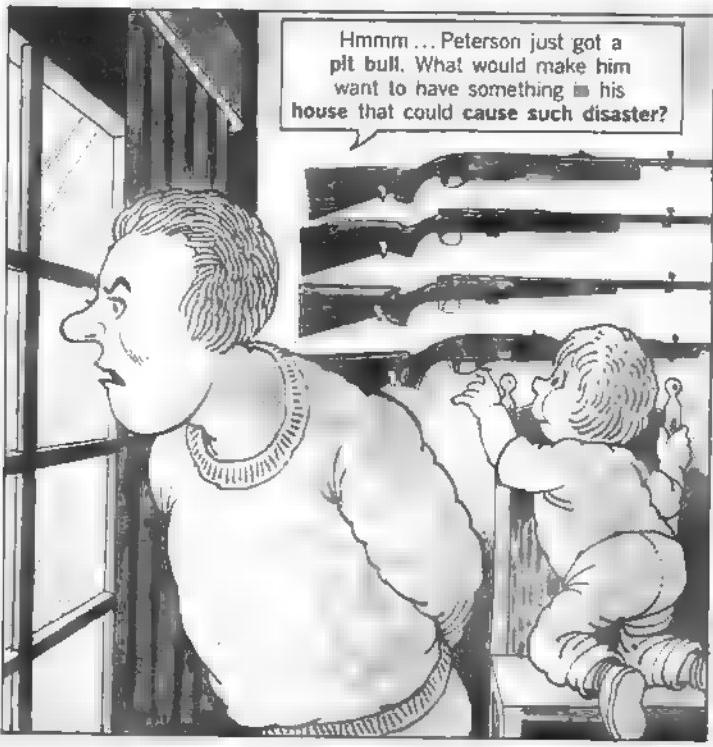
"HEY-LIKE BE

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



DOK HIND YOU!"

WRITER: MARK D'AMICO

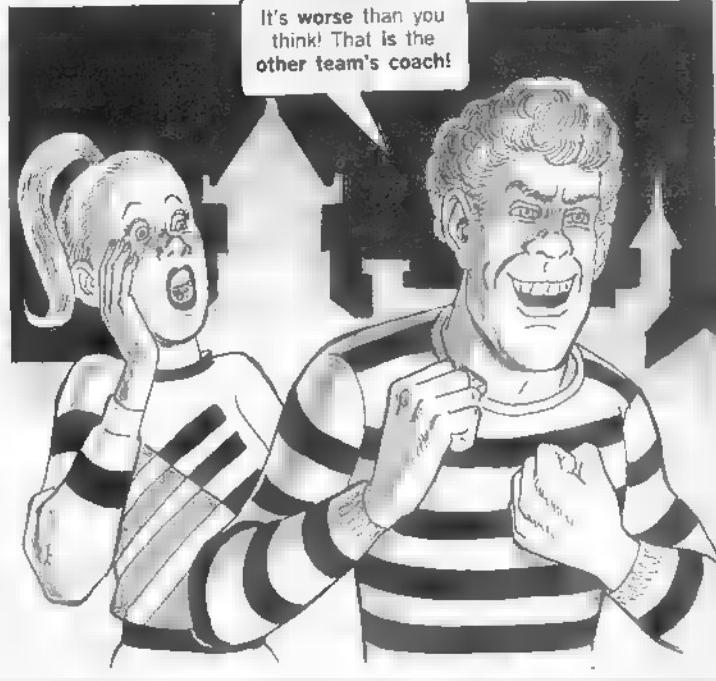


LEISURE TIME



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

TEAM SPIRIT



CARS



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST ■ WRITER:
DAVE BERG

FINANCES



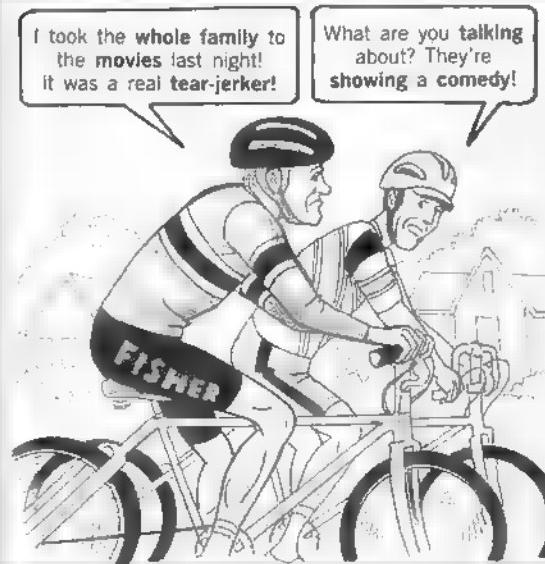
SPORTSMANSHIP



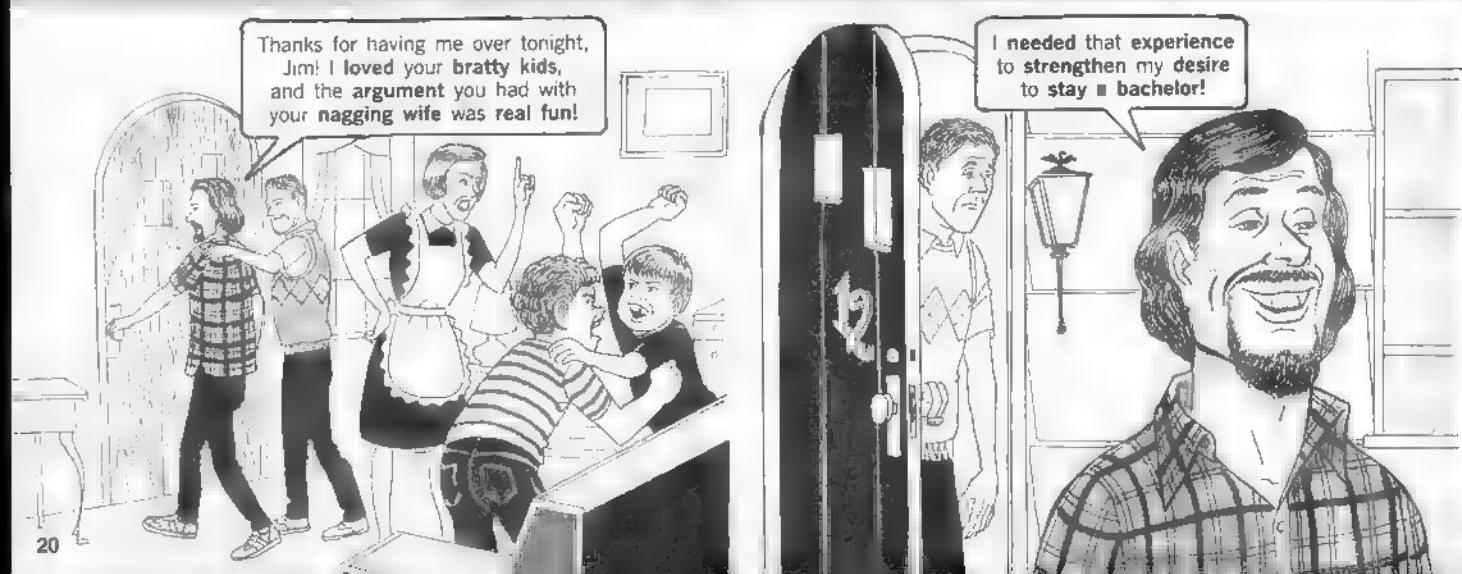
GIFTS



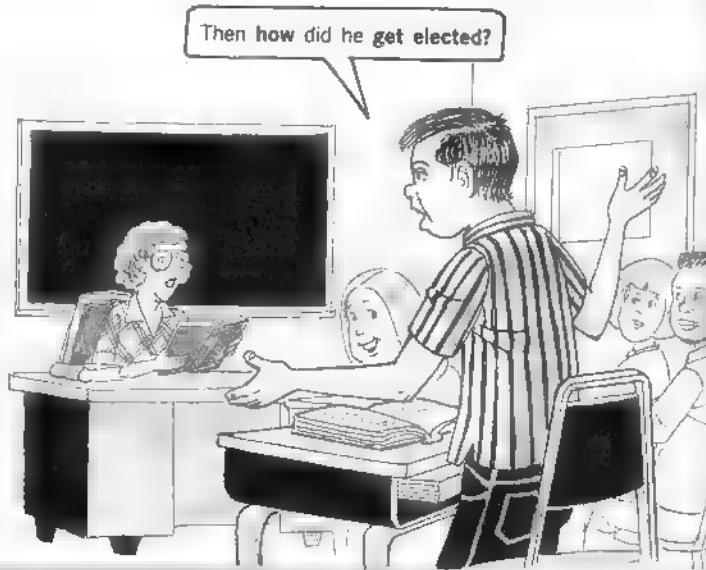
MOVIES



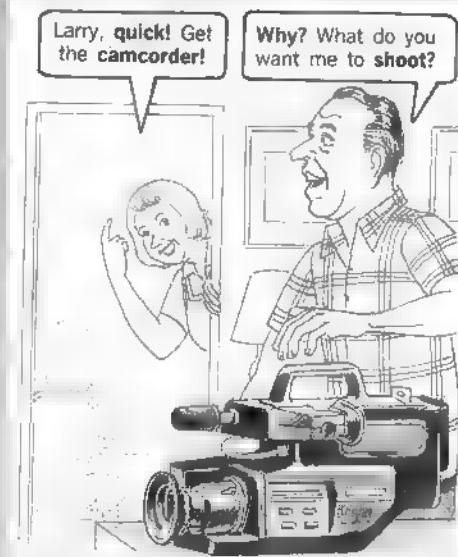
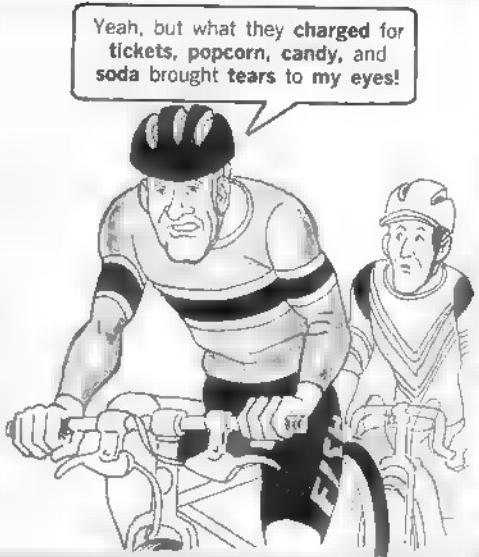
LEARNING



TRUTH



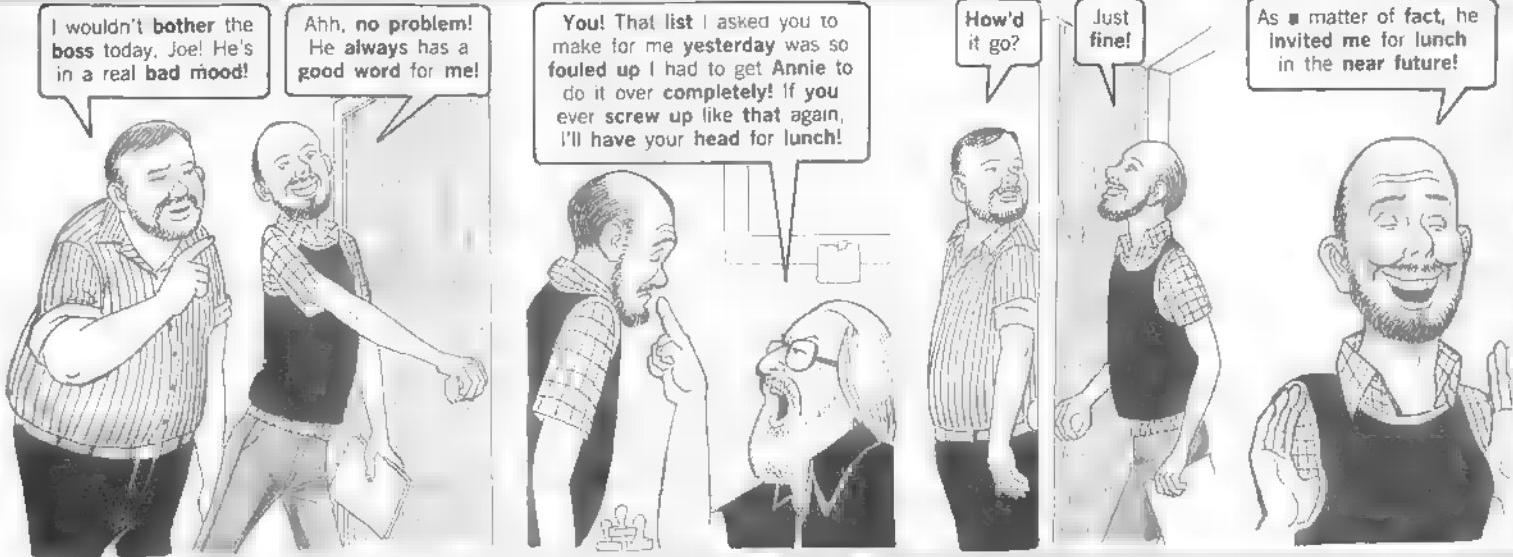
HISTORICAL EVENTS



THINKING POSITIVE



THE OFFICE



DISPOSABLE LIVING



DOCTORS



METAL DETECTIVE DEPT.

A few years ago, there was a film about a cop who was part human and part robot. One would think that after seeing Chuck Norris and Arnold Schwarzenegger, we would have had our fill of robot-like cops. But NO-O-O! They had to give us another one! So we're giving you another one of our stupid satires! Here's...

ROBOCRAP

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

In Detroit these days, it's no longer safe to leave your house!

Why don't they get these young hoodlum killers off the streets and back into the high school corridors where they belong?

I'm going to retire from the Detroit Police force! I bought a home in a quieter, more peaceful community!

Really? Where's that?

Beirut!



As Mayor, there are so many problems to solve! But despite all of them, I keep my eye on my one great goal!

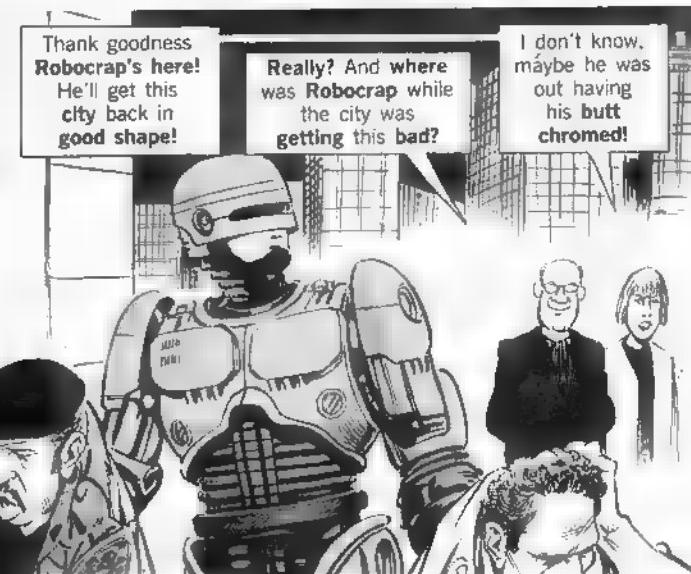
You mean, to make Detroit a better city to live in?

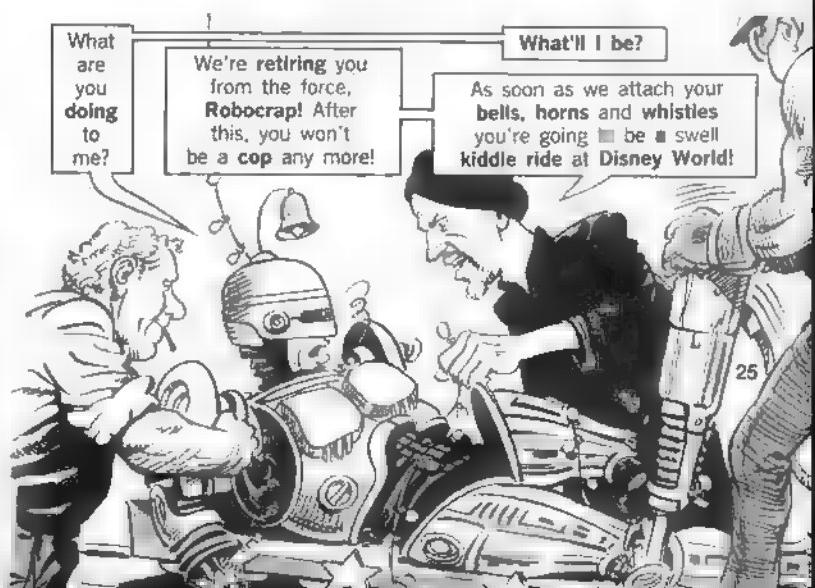
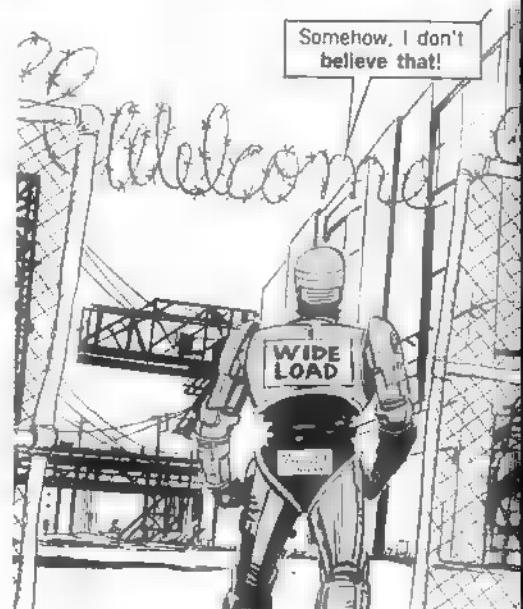
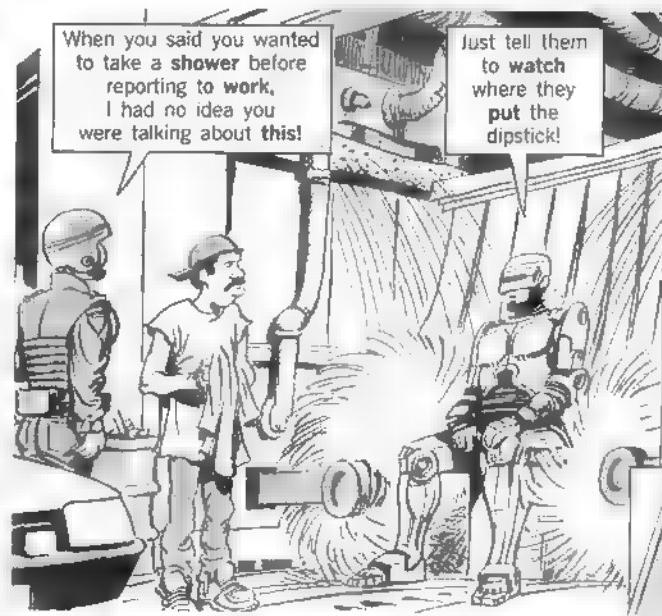
No, to get re-elected!

The city owes our company over \$37,000,000! If you don't pay, we take over the city! Read the contract!

That's a very shrewd move, sir!

Some shrewd move! Now you own the city's run-down schools, the disgusting slums, the shoddy homeless shelters, the decaying bridges, the rotting roadways, the decrepit buses...





Hmm, now I know how Cher must have felt when she had her first nose job!



You're going to be fine, big guy! We brought in the **best** expert in the field!

Really? Who is it?

Mister Goodwrench!



We need a new breed of robot cops! We must implant special brains in them, brains that have never had a single, decent human emotion!

You mean the brains from homicidal maniacs?

Far worse! I'm talking about gym teachers!



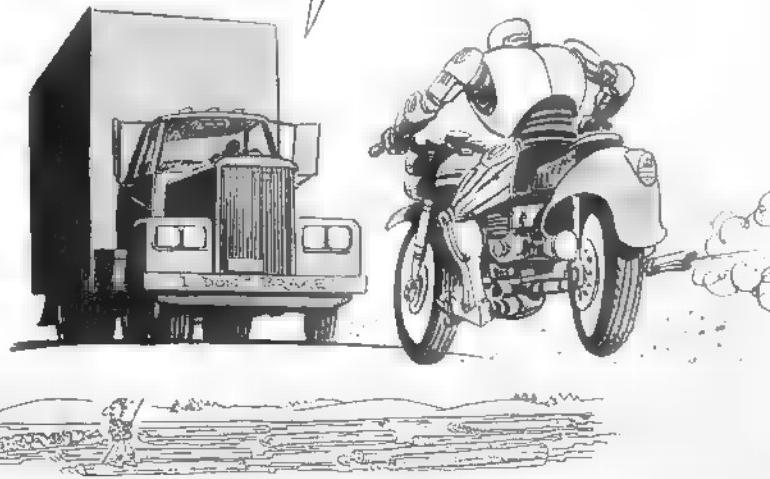
Gee, maybe we shouldn't have had him fixed up at a local chop shop!

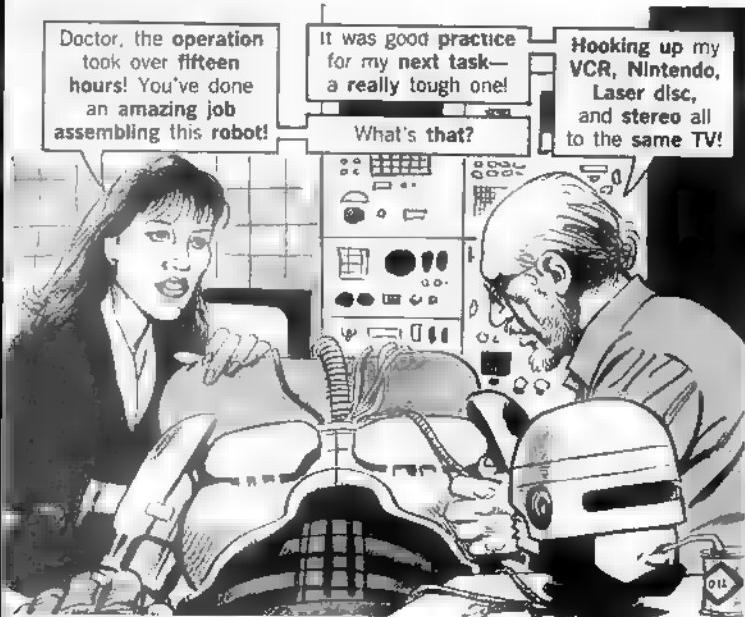


Cane, you fiend, I'm going to stop you any way I can!

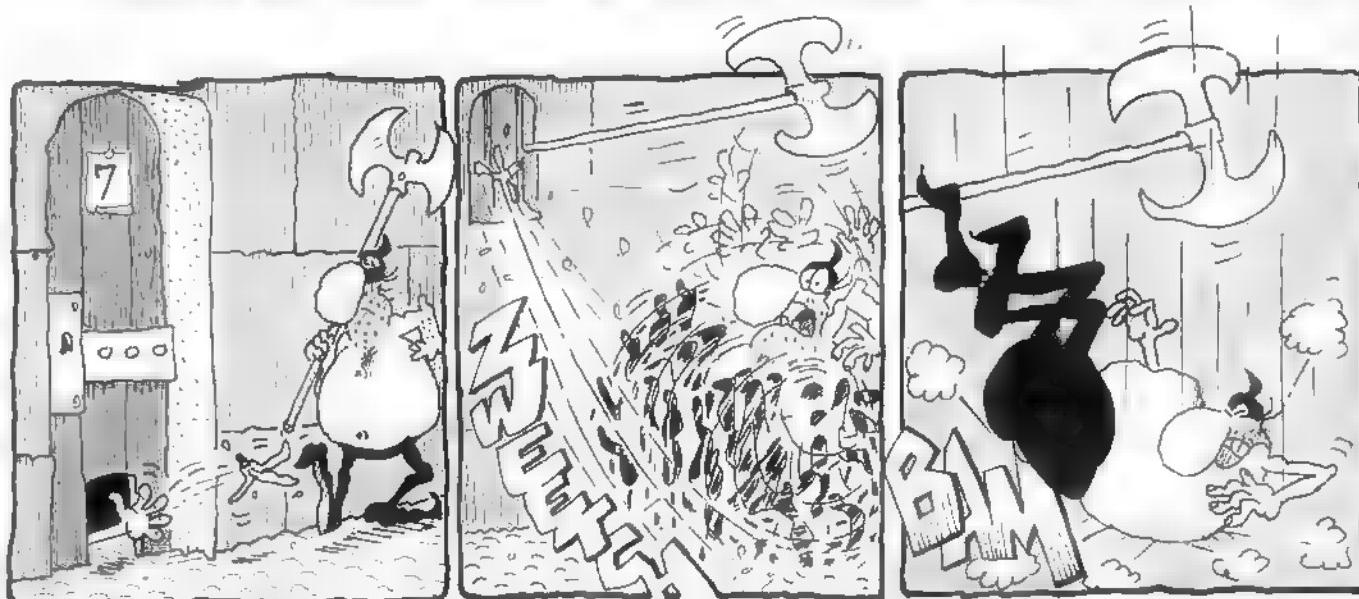
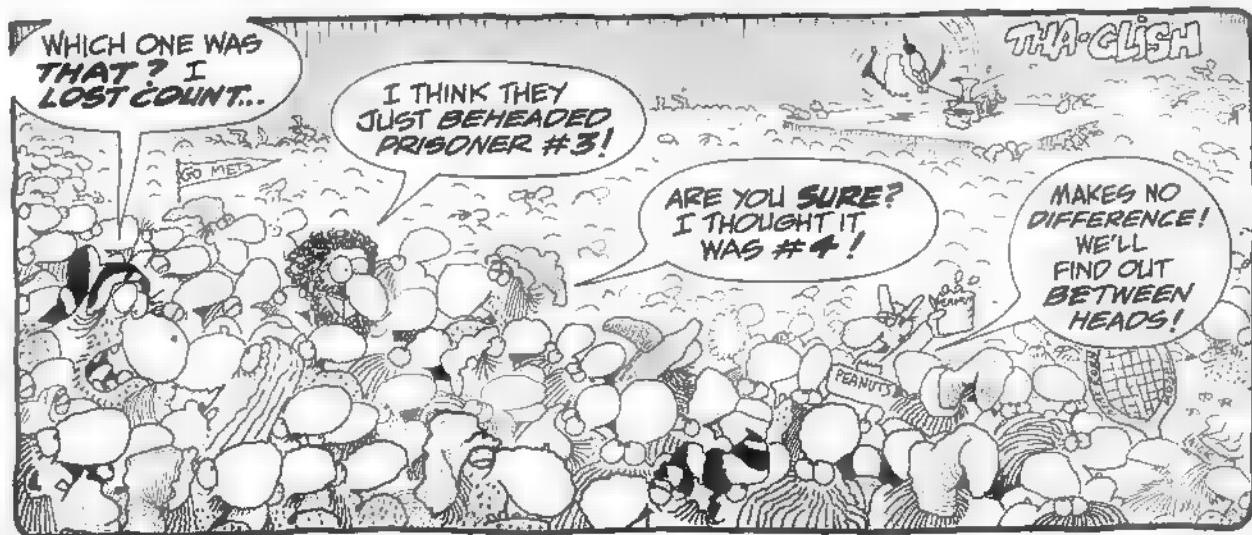
And the only way you can think of is to run into me, head-on? You're not too resourceful!

Hah, what do I care? I carry no-fault collision insurance and my parts are guaranteed for 50 years by Ginsu!





DUCK EDWING



REALLY AXE UP!

ARTIST AND WRITER:

DUCK EDWING



DECIBILL OF GOODS DEPT.

Here's ■ word you've probably missed: *onomatopoeia*. Since we're a humor magazine, you may think we made it up, like we did those other silly words, *nerfecsterpoc* and *vog*. YOU FOOL!! An onomatopoeia is a word that sounds like the thing it denotes. For example, "buzz" is an onomatopoeia. Get it?? Probably not, which is why we're scrapping our plans to call this article "A MAD Look at Brand Name Onomatopoeias," and simply calling it



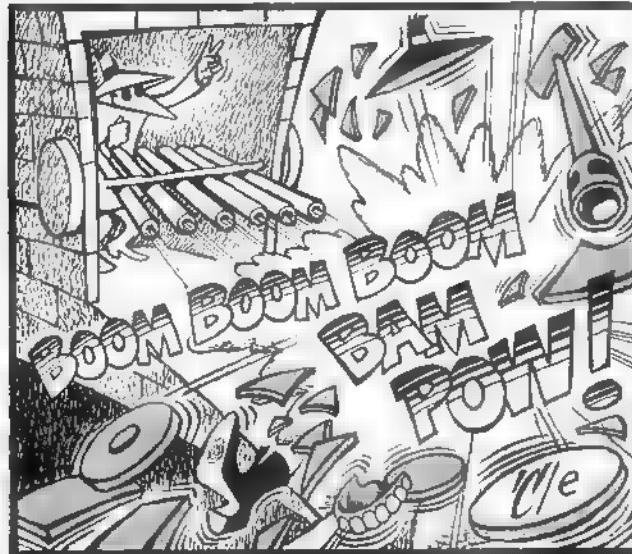
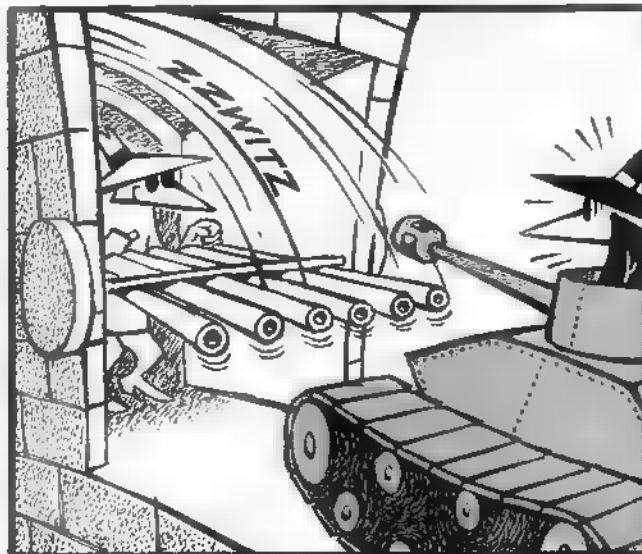
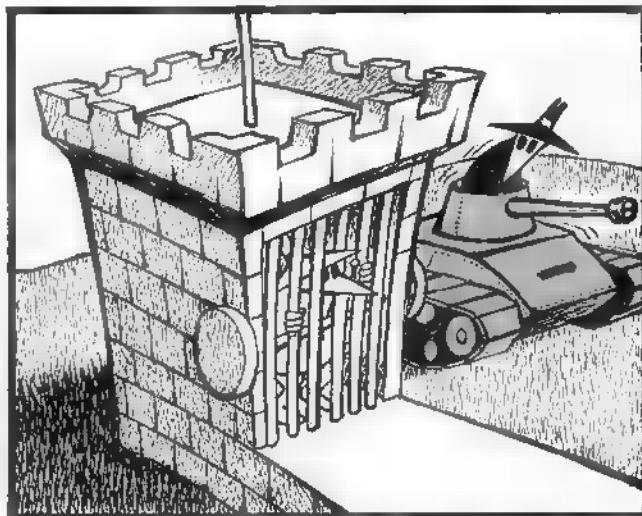
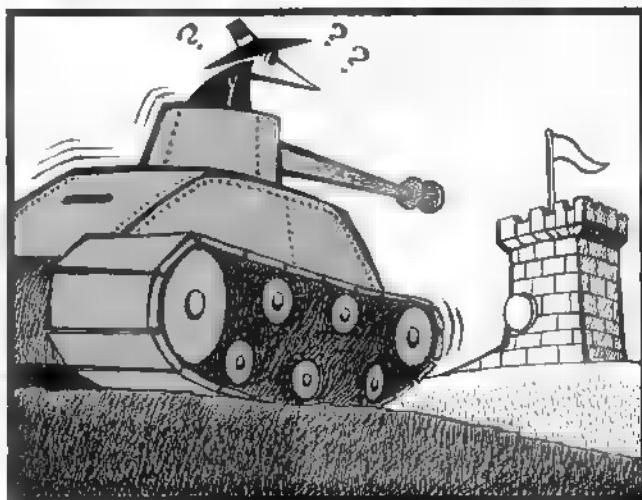
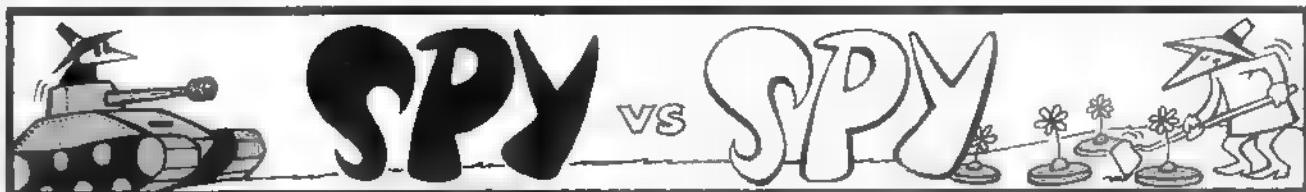
REALLY APPROPRIATE BRAND NAME

ARTIST: JOHN POUND

WRITER: RUSS COOPER







I can't believe it, officer! I turned my back for just 30 seconds and my whole truck was emptied clean!

An entire truck emptied in just 30 seconds? Well, at least we know this wasn't a union job!

Someone lifted my wallet! Did they steal yours too?

I don't know! My pants are gone, so I can't check my pockets!

This is Gapewell O'Wow! ■ you can tear your eyes away from my great legs for a moment you may notice that a crime wave has struck the city and ■ all around us! It's not safe anywhere! Even in broad day...

Cut!
HAAA
What happened?
Camera trouble?

Sort of! Some teenagers just swiped the TV camera and the remote truck!



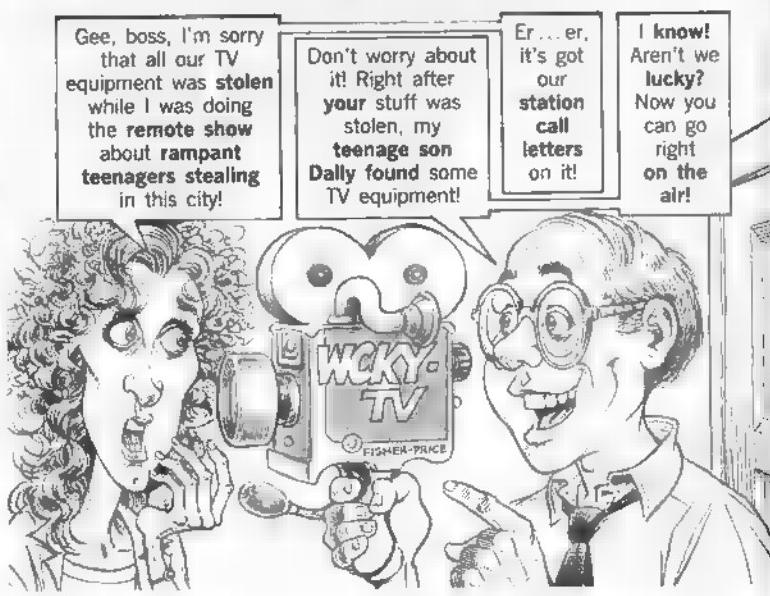
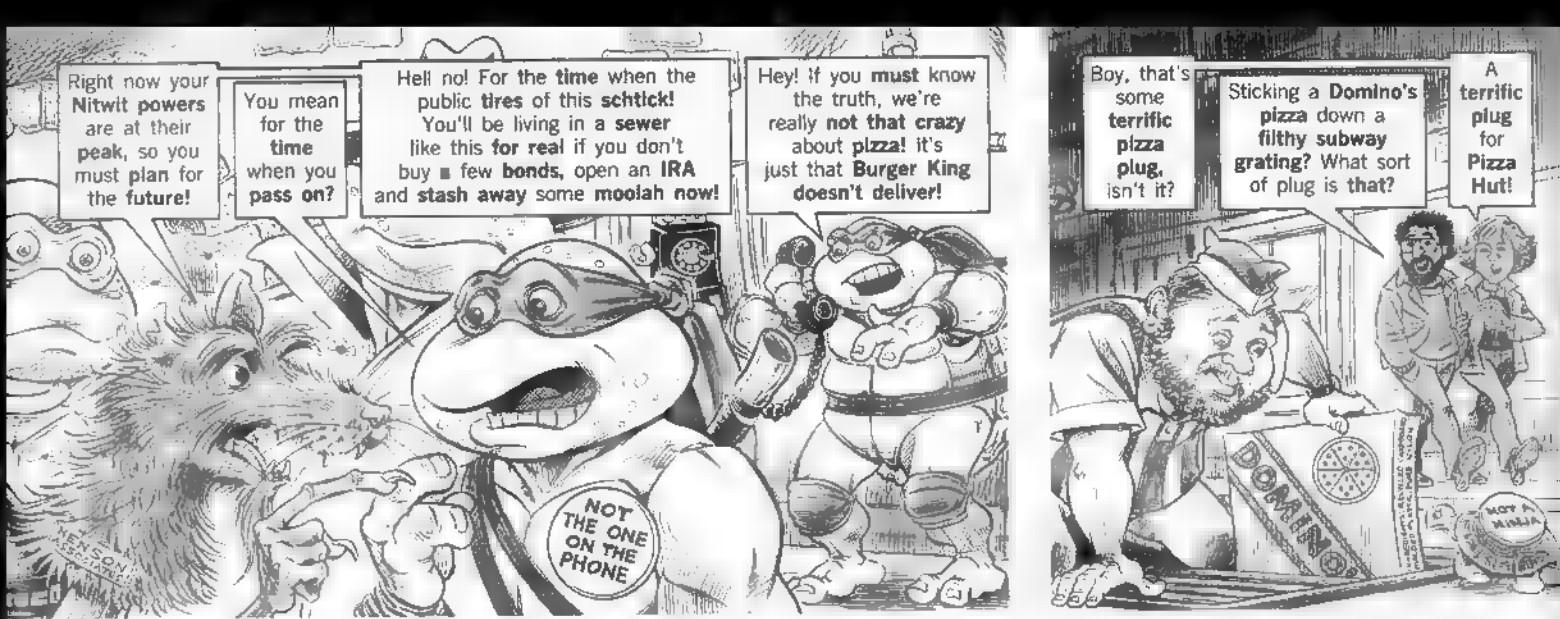
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

TEEN-RAGE MOOLAH NITWIT TURTLES!

Splutter, today I beat up a dirty, rotten sleazebag who has been preying on the innocent!

I know it's outrageous to charge \$2 for a pretzel, but you must stop beating up all the vendors! Remember, our domain is the shadow! The art of Nitwit is the art of invisibility! We must not be seen anywhere—except on licensed lunch boxes, sweat shirts, hats, bendable dolls, watches, and our Saturday cartoon show and Nintendo games!



Wow! You took on that whole gang of hoods all by yourself!

Somewhat seven men in black silk leotards and purple sweat bands don't scare me! Now please come with me! I want you to meet my Master!

Tell me, why do you wear a mask?

Boy, some reporter you are! It's to hide my identity as a Turtle!

Tell me, Splinter, where did the Turtles come from?

It is a long, boring story, but since I have the "age advantage" you must listen! I found them as baby turtles living in radioactive waste! I was amazed when they doubled in size every week. I was more amazed when a Hollywood agent said we could get royalties that TRIPLE in size every month! I named them Leonardough, Donateldough, Michaelangeldough and Raphedough!

How come?

The good names like Dopey, Doc, Grumpy and Sneezy were already taken!



If you all live in a sewer, why do those Nitwit Turtles talk like California surfers?

Because every time someone in a building flushes, it's SURFS UP!

And the Nitwit Turtles are like the Three Musketeers—share and share alike!

There's a slight difference. The Musketeers don't all share one personality!



I've run away from my rotten home to join the thieving Footsy Clan! Is this their headquarters?

Yes, it's one of the toughest places around! Here, we drink soda and don't return the empties for the five-cent deposit! We eat the cans! We smoke and don't use ash-trays! We eat the ashes!

I'm harming the ozone layer by still using SPRAY deodorant!

Good! Come in and be one of us!



Our operation was doing great, but now we have an enemy freaks of nature in silly outfits who put down our work! You must find and execute those creeps!

My God, they're going to kill Siskel and Ebert!

No, not the movie critics! He means the Nitwit Turtles!



What's a nice kid like you doing in a place like this?

Somehow I thought an Old Master could at least come up with a new cliché! But since you asked, I'll tell you. My father hates me!

Deep down, no father hates his son, even though on the surface he might loathe him!

Yeah? Well, my father is a rat!

You think your father's a rat? Let me show you a picture of MY father!



I'm Casket Bones and I've come to lead you back to the Nitwit Turtles! Follow me, kid, and bring the old rodent!

This place ■ protected by four hundred armed members of the dangerous Footsy Clan! How did you sneak by them?

I was lucky. All four hundred were looking the other way!

Even a wise old rat like me can't figure out why you, a total stranger, has to rescue me! Where are the Nitwit Turtles?

Getting beat up by Dreader! I beat them up once, Dreader ■ beating them up now, and they never even lifted a flipper to help you! Why do you hang around with those losers?

Because who's gonna merchandise cereal shaped like me, a rat? But I'm glad you're here! I need your help and Gapewell needs ■ love interest!



You escaped! And now you're getting the best of me! How is that possible??

Nitwit Master say: "Be like reed in wind to friend, but do not yield to anger of foe!"

Oh my God! Help me! I'm slipping!

Nitwit Master also say: "A little vaseline on edge of roof doesn't hurt, either!"



Dad, did you really miss me?

Of course, Dally! I've been searching for hours!

But I ran away two weeks ago!

Really? Well, it's good you're back! A lot of things are missing! Let's go through your knapsack!

And don't call me Dally!

Should I call you Dal, like an adult?

No, call me Stan! That's my name! I don't know where you picked up "Dal"!!

I'm a busy man! I don't have time to remember your name!



I am so proud of you Nitwit Turtles! You have brought peace and harmony to the streets of New York City!

Yeah! Now how about bringing some peace and harmony to the sewers of New York City! I haven't slept a wink since you Teen-Rage Nitwit Turtles moved in with your noise and bad puns!

And how about bringing some cleanliness to the sewers, too! Everywhere I walk, I step on week-old pizza slices! Yuck!

And I don't want you guys bringing strange broads down here! This used to just be a hideaway for my old lady!

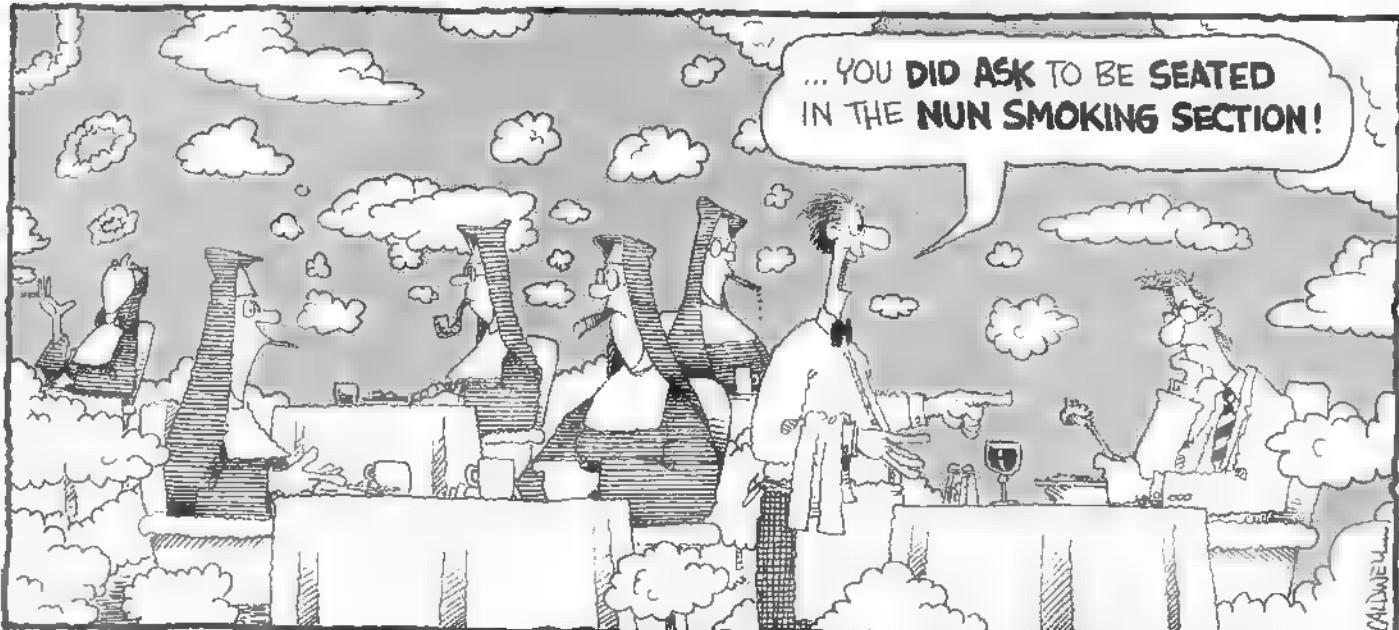
Old folks are a drag no matter where you live!



A HEAVY COUGH TO BEAR DEPT.



DRAMA ON PAGE 37



CALDWELL

THE SCENE OF THE GRIND DEPT.

Lambada—that delicious Italian dish of pasta and cheese in a red sauce! No, wait! That's lasagnal! Let's start over! Lambada—the Forbidden Dance of Love—in which two people move closer together than the cheese and red sauce in a nice dish of lasagnal! Yeah! Well, here's the rub: You have probably been performing the Lambada for years, only you didn't know it! And it took the Lambada Boys at MAD—the Forbidden Magazine of Love—to bring it to your attention in this musical presentation...



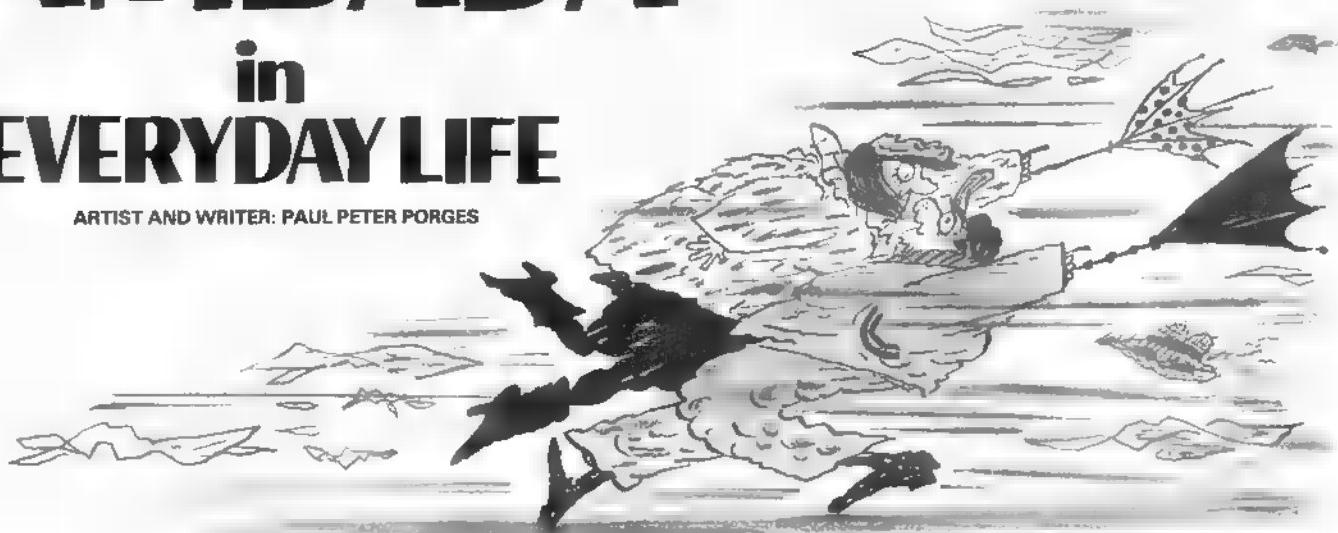
The **LAMBADA** in **EVERYDAY LIFE**

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

TEN-ITEMS-OR-LESS LAMBADA



WINDY DAY LAMBADA



SEVENTH-INNING STRETCH LAMBADA



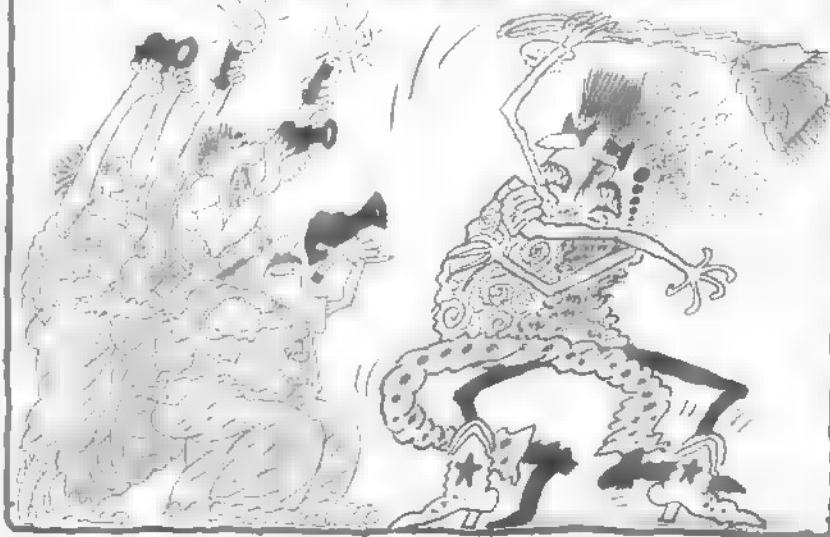
TIGHT PARKING SPOT LAMBADA



STRAP-HANGER LAMBADA



CELEBRITIES AND PAPARAZZI LAMBADA



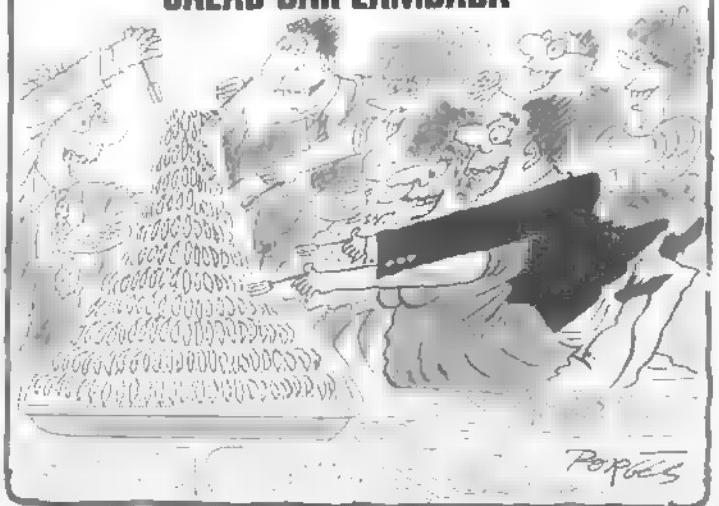
LAUNDROMAT LAMBADA



HOLIDAY SHOPPING LAMBADA

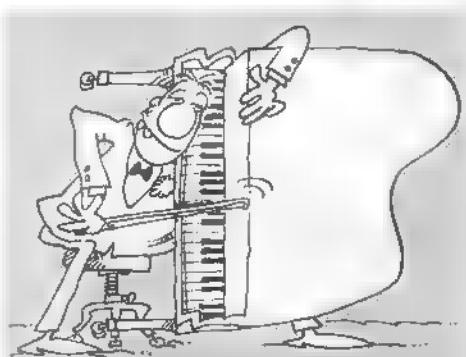
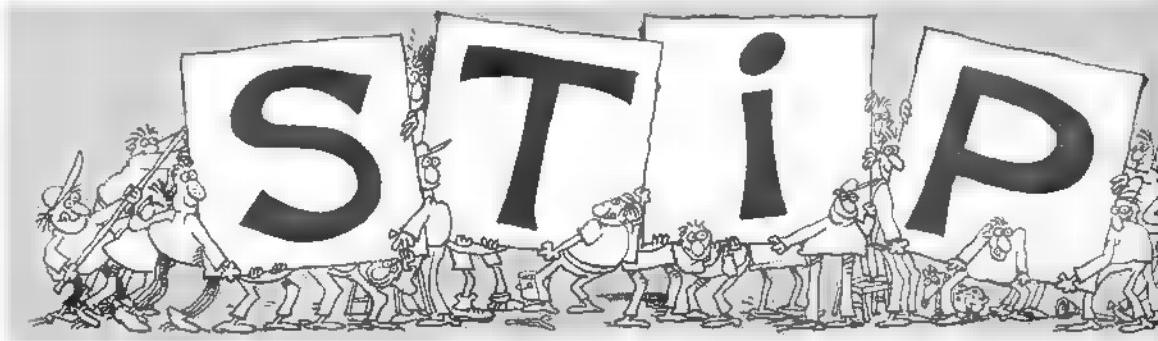


ALL-THE-FREE-SHRIMP-YOU-CAN-EAT SALAD BAR LAMBADA



Popkes

MAD's Handy
Clues, Hints
And Tipoffs
THAT YOU'RE
Really,
UNQUESTIONABLY,
WITHOUT
A Doubt...



When you're playing the piano you frequently lose your grip on the bow.



You go to bed and accidentally fluff up your head.



You're absolutely convinced that nostalgia is a thing of the past.



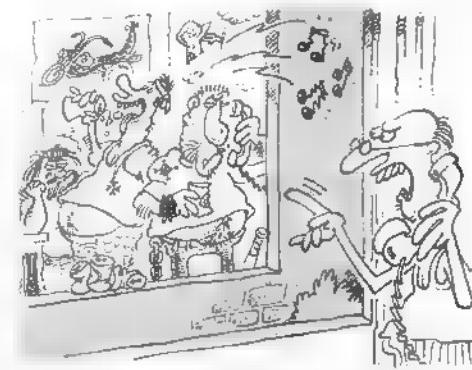
You've caught yourself waving "Goodbye" instead of "Hello" when answering the telephone.



You put a higher antenna on your mailbox in an attempt to receive mail from people farther away.



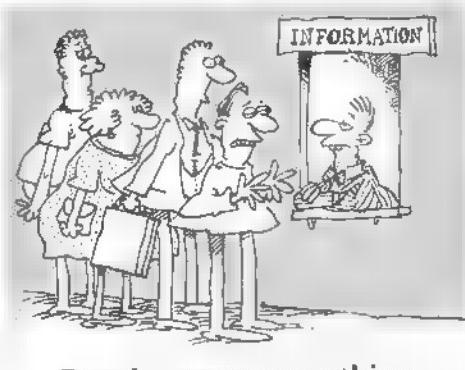
You go to bed and family members attempt to fluff up your head.



Your neighbor's radio blares at three A.M. and you angrily call him up to demand that he change the station at once.



People repeat everything they say to you because you look way too stupid to grasp things the first time around.



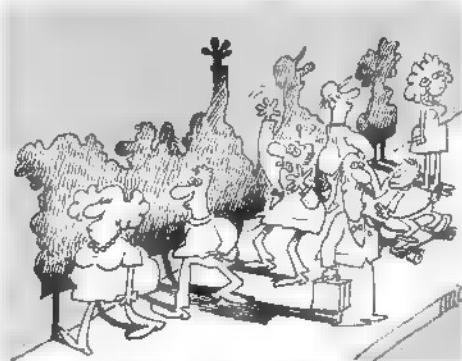
People repeat everything they say to you because you look way too stupid to grasp things the first time around.



You go to bed and purposely fluff up your head.



You purchase season tickets to the Super Bowl.



You have trouble picking your shadow out of a crowd.

WRITER: DAN BIRTCHER



You fret over the fact that they never mention what a hurricane's last name is.



You find yourself complaining to a waitress that the straw in your glass is upside down.



You find yourself wondering what branch of the military Captain Kangaroo was in.



Your biggest worry about marriage is getting that little ring over your loved one's head, down their arm and onto their second finger.



You find yourself trying to convince a policeman who's pulled you over for a burned-out headlight that he merely has one eye closed.



You worried about a sore that wouldn't heal, only to find out later that it was a natural body opening.

THE VANISH INQUISITION DEPT.

The Usual Gang
of MAD Artists
takes a look at...

ENDANGERED



Bands who make millions on a "Farewell Tour"—and actually retire

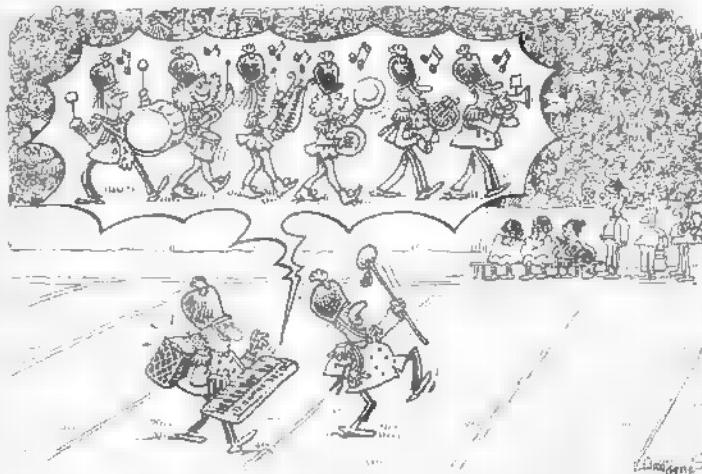


Personal cassette players that can only be heard by the wearer



Record stores that still sell records

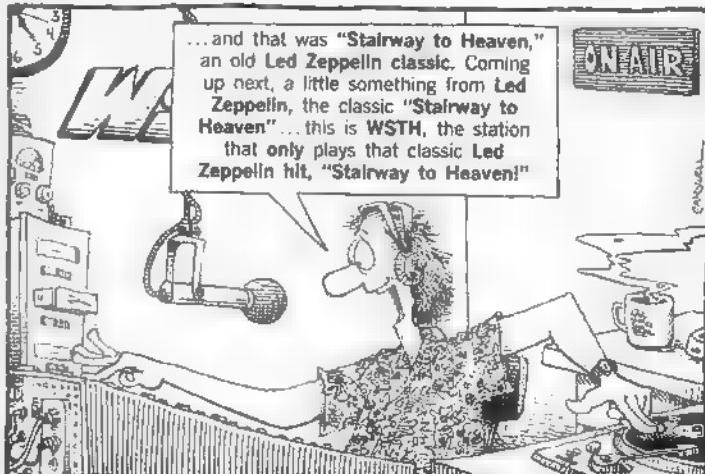
SPECIES of the



Instruments that can't be duplicated on a synthesizer



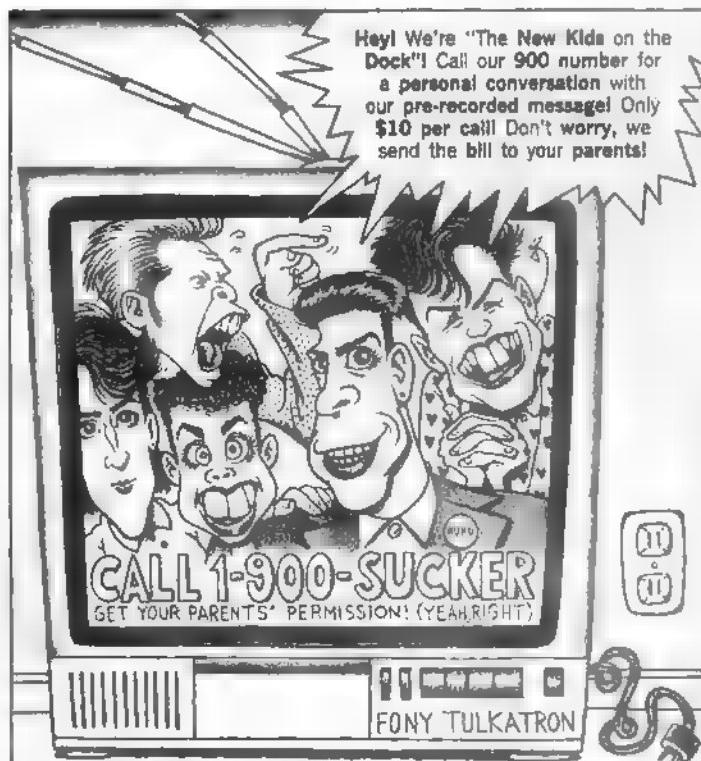
Rock fans who can applaud without aerobics



Classic rock radio stations that know when to give a song a rest



Parents with an original comment



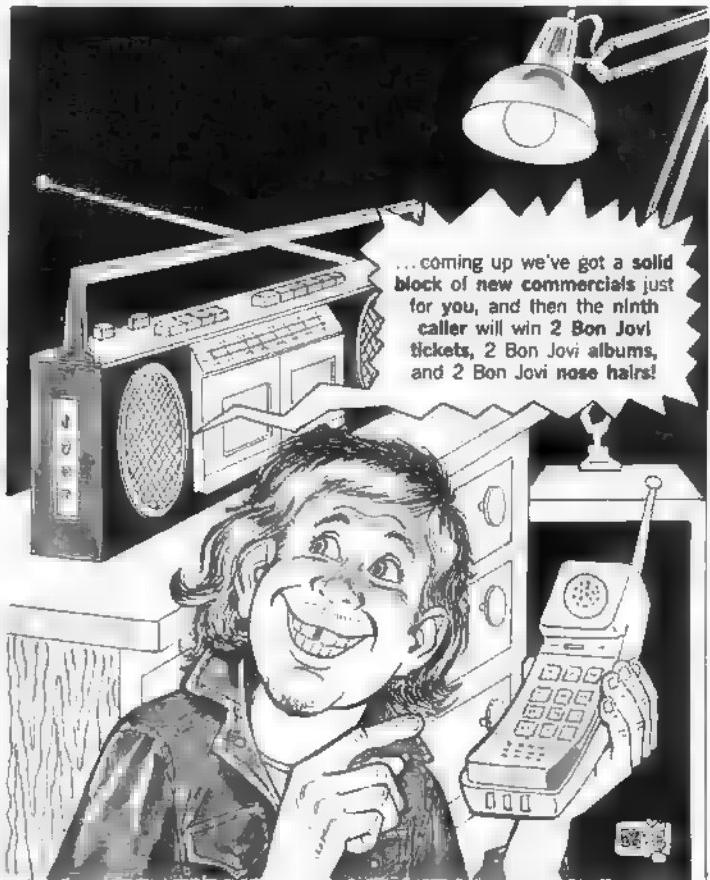
Teen stars who don't work for the phone company

MUSIC WORLD

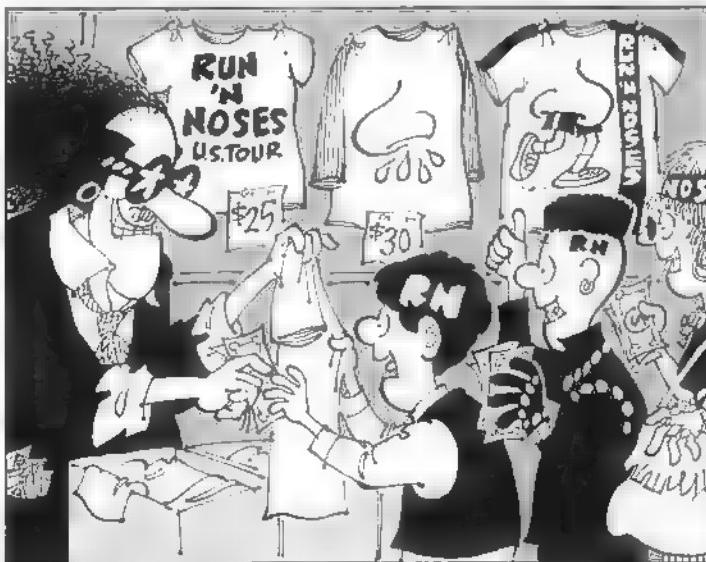
WRITER:
JOHN S. MARSHALL



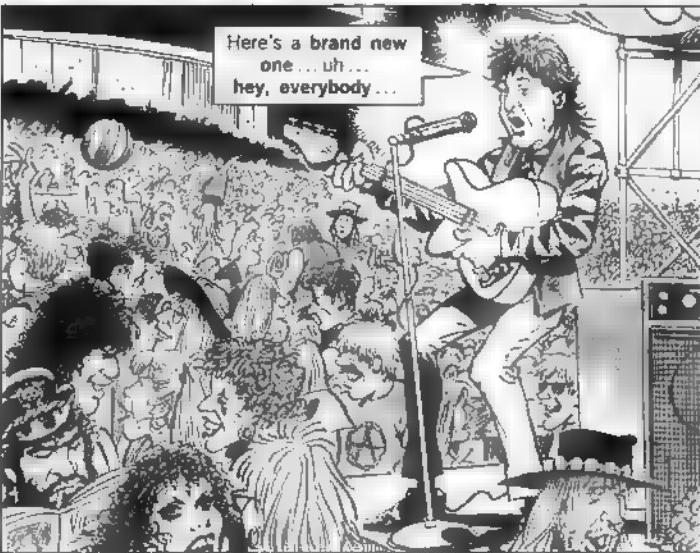
Concert seats that aren't owned by scalpers



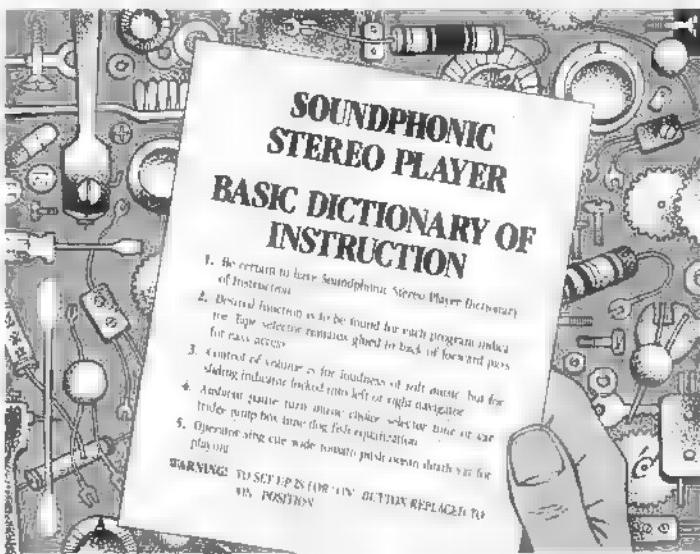
Radio stations that don't need to bribe you to listen to them



Official concert T-shirts that cost less than the tickets



Non-hits that hold a rock fan's attention



Imported stereo owner's manuals that are translated properly

FIENDS LIKE OLD TIMES DEPT.

Long before Batman made it to the big screen, the Caped Crusader enjoyed success in ■ ridiculously overdone and campy 60's TV show. Each week the Dynamic Duo would chase an "arch criminal" portrayed by a has-been, washed up actor who couldn't get work anywhere else! This got us thinking (which is a rare thing indeed!): If Batman returned to television now, there'd be a whole new group of has-beens to choose from! So here, along with sample plotlines and some random scenes, are a few of our selections for...

Villains Awaiting Batman's Return to TV

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

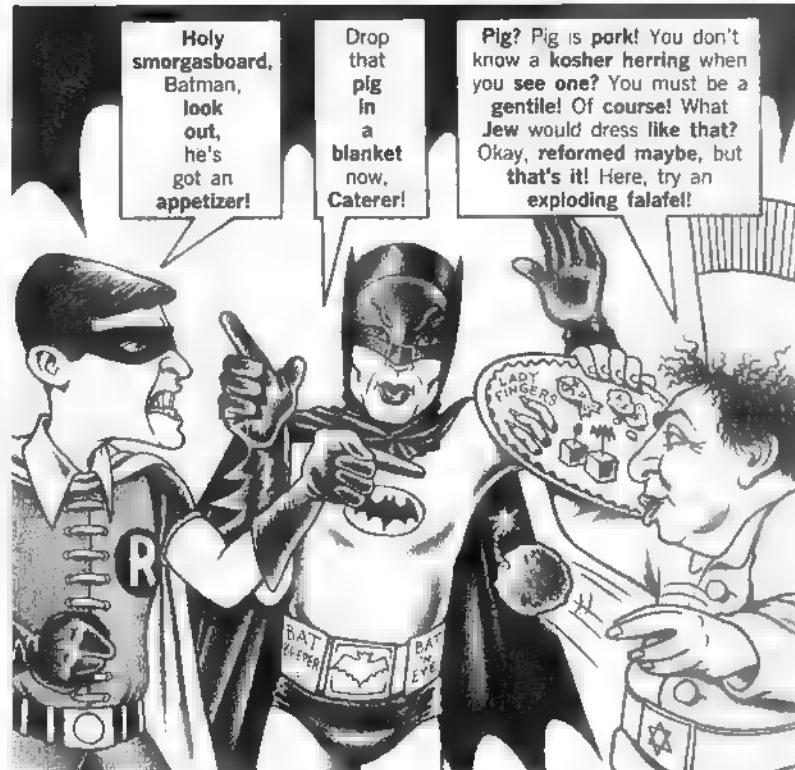
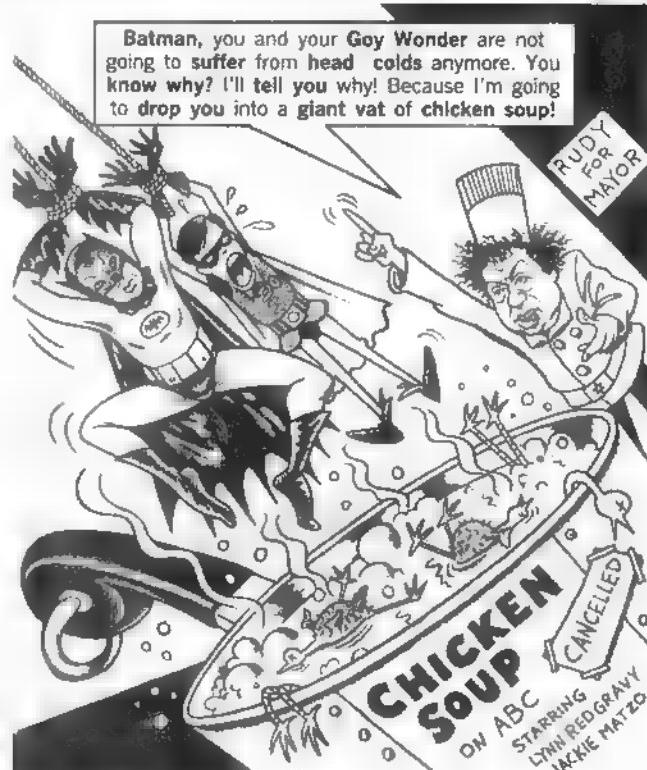
WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA

AND CHARLIE KADAU



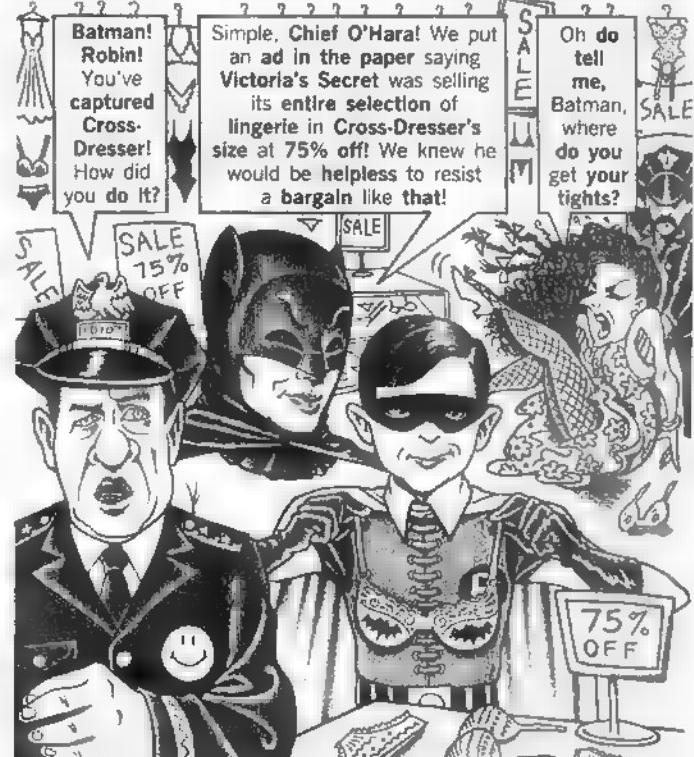
JACKIE MASON as THE CATERER

The criminally insane master chef supplies free gourmet food to the Gotham City Police so they do nothing but eat, gain weight and become too fat and lazy to stop his sinister crime spree!



BOY GEORGE as CROSS-DRESSER

Master criminal Cross-Dresser escapes from prison disguised as Commissioner Gordon's daughter. He blackmails Thomas Hovel, the curator of the Gotham City Museum, into giving him the priceless painting "Blue Boy" by threatening to release compromising photos of Hovel wearing a strapless evening gown with matching pumps!



BOB GUCCIONE as SLEAZEBAg

Sleazebag sponsors Tina Tramp as his own erotic entrant in the usually pure and moral Miss Gotham City Pageant! Tina is so much more aggressively sexy and seductive than the other contestants that she is sure to be named the winner by the aroused judges—leaving Sleazebag to steal the jeweled tiara given to the winner!

Well, Miss Tramp, (drool) when... I mean if, you're chosen Miss Gotham City, (slobber) how would you use your body, I mean title, to improve society?

Well, the first thing I'd do would be...

I'll answer that for her! She'll be a forthright, bold and controversial Miss Gotham City! She'll lobby to make mud wrestling an inter-collegiate event! She'll defend the first amendment rights of pageant judges to spend time in her hot tub whenever they want! Come on honey, show 'em your tattoo!



So, Sleazebag thinks he can detain us by locking us in this cramped peepshow booth!

I can melt the lock in a second by using my Bat-Anti-Peepshow-Lock-Laser! Reach for it in my utility belt, Robin!

Holy hormones! Forget about the lock, Batman! I'm running out of quarters! Can you break a twenty?



JOE PISCOPO as THE IRRITANT

Upon his release from jail, Batman's old nemesis, The Irritant, desperately seeks revenge against the Dynamic Duo. The obnoxious super-crook takes them by surprise in the Batcave and mercilessly tortures them with his grating personality and moronic behavior!

Did ya ever notice how supermarket receipts are so blurry? Why is that? That's my Andy Rooney impression! Pretty good, huh? And I'm just getting started! Now I'm going to do my two-hour Bruce Springsteen impersonation without looking or sounding like him at all! Ha ha!

Holy lack of talent! My mind is turning to putty! This is the worst punishment we've ever been subjected to!

I only hope we escape before he does his Lite Beer commercials! I really hate those things!

Batman! Are you all right? What happened to the Irritant?

I shot him! Let that be a lesson to you, Robin! Even the most dedicated crime fighters have their breaking point!

I want to be buried in Jersey, do you want to be buried in Jersey?



HEX-RATED DEPT.

THEY'RE EVIL! THEY'RE SICK! THEY'RE VILE! THEY'RE SOMEWHAT UNPLEASANT! THEY ARE EVERY READER'S WORST FEAR! THEY'RE...

MAUD Curses!!!

ARTIST: GREG THEAKSTON

WRITER: JOY CHONOLES

May you accidentally use
a Number One pencil when
taking a test that only
accepts Number Twos!

May your neighbor's car alarm
go off in the dead of night
while he's away on vacation!

May you always get the
slowest Bumper Carl!

May your grandparents come to
visit for two months and may
they stay in your bedroom!

May you pick all the right
numbers for the million dol-
lar lottery but forget to play!

May you always get the
same seven baseball cards
whenever you buy a pack!

May you drool all over your pillow
while sleeping over at a friend's house!

May your phone number be
one digit away from an
all-night taxi service!

May your father smell up the
bathroom during your first party!

→ May your car radio
only play AM stations!

**WHAT HAVE WE
GOTTEN OUT OF
GEORGE BUSH'S
“THOUSAND POINTS
OF LIGHT” SO FAR?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

During elections we get some lofty phrases. But what do they mean in real life? To find out, simply fold in page as shown in diagram.

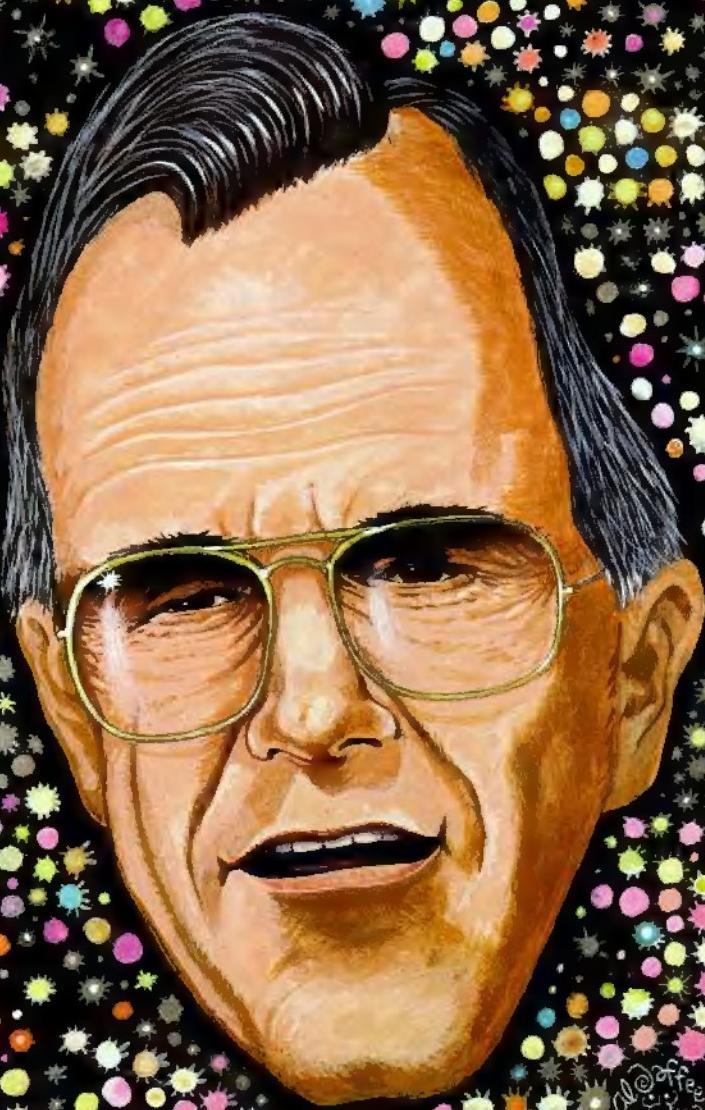


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO “A” MEETS “B”

A ▶



A CANDIDATE'S PREDICTIONS MAY LEAVE SOME PEOPLE
LOOKING PUZZLED. "A THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT" WAS SORT OF
BUSH'S WAY OF PROMISING A SPARKLY FUTURE FOR US ALL

A ▶

◀ B

CAN LEAD TO ABSOLUT LIVER DAMAGE • ABSOLUT HANGOVERS • ABSOLUT STOMACH ULCERS • ABSOLUT SLURRED SPEECH • ABSOLUT STAGGERING • ABSOLUT PASSING OUT • ABSOLUT SLEEPING IN PUBLIC TOILETS • ABSOLUT DRIVING ACCIDENTS • ABSOLUT JOB LOSS • ABSOLUT MARRIAGE BREAKUP • ABSOLUT MENTAL PROBLEMS • ABSOLUT BLOODSHOT EYES • ABSOLUT ORGAN DEGENERATION • ABSOLUT BARFING • ABSOLUT BOORISHNESS • ABSOLUT DOUBLE VISION • ABSOLUT PLASTERED LOOK • ABSOLUT FALLING OFF BAR STOOLS • ABSOLUT SKID ROW • ABSOLUT PUKING • ABSOLUT DISORIENTATION • ABSOLUT SWAYING • ABSOLUT SOILED UNDERGARMENTS • ABSOLUT LOSS OF FRIENDS • ABSOLUT PUBLIC EMBARRASSMENT • ABSOLUT HEAVING • ABSOLUT WIFE ABUSE • ABSOLUT CHILD ABUSE • ABSOLUT PARENT ABUSE • ABSOLUT SELF ABUSE • ABSOLUT PROJECTILE VOMITING • ABSOLUT KEYHOLE LOCATION PROBLEMS • ABSOLUT INCONTINENCE • ABSOLUT SLOSHED LOOK • ABSOLUT ANTI SOCIAL BEHAVIOR • ABSOLUT IMPOTENCE • ABSOLUT SUICIDE • ABSOLUT UPCHUCKING • ABSOLUT HAIRY TONGUE SENSATION • ABSOLUT CHIN DRIBBLES • ABSOLUT BLADDER CONTROL LOSS • ABSOLUT REPETITIVENESS • ABSOLUT REPETITIVENESS • ABSOLUT REPETITIVENESS • ABSOLUT VARICOSE NOSE • ABSOLUT FORGETTING TO EAT • ABSOLUT SHAKES • ABSOLUT DRINKING • ABSOLUT FALLING DOWN STAIRS • ABSOLUT WAKING UP IN STRANGE CITIES • ABSOLUT OFFENSIVE ODORS • ABSOLUT OBSCENE GESTURES • ABSOLUT RUDE NOISES • ABSOLUT UNBELIEVABLY STUPID EXCUSES FOR EVERYTHING • ABSOLUT PSYCHOSIS • ABSOLUT BETTY FORD CLINIC VISITS • ABSOLUT DWI CONVICTIONS • ABSOLUT AA MEETINGS • ABSOLUT DELIRIUM TREMENS • ABSOLUT HUGE BAR TABS • ABSOLUT LYING • ABSOLUT SELF DESTRUCTIVENESS • ABSOLUT UNCONTROLLABLE TREMBLING • ABSOLUT OPEN FLY • ABSOLUT MALNUTRITION • ABSOLUT JAUNDICE • ABSOLUT FORGETFULNESS • ABSOLUT CIGARETTE BURNS ON FINGERS • ABSOLUT CIGARETTE BURNS ON CLOTHING • ABSOLUT CIGARETTE BURNS ON MATTRESS • ABSOLUT COLD SLAB IN MORGUE • ABSOLUT SLOVENELESS • ABSOLUT POINTLESS BABBLING • ABSOLUT UNEMPLOYMENT • ABSOLUT SOUSED LOOK • ABSOLUT PINK ELEPHANT VISIONS • ABSOLUT ELBOW IN FOOD PLATE • ABSOLUT DIVORCE • ABSOLUT DRUNK TANK OCCUPANCY • ABSOLUT POLLUTED LOOK • ABSOLUT REVOLTING FACIAL EXPRESSIONS • ABSOLUT DISGUSTING PERSONAL HABITS • ABSOLUT SOCIAL OSTRACISM • ABSOLUT SMOTHERS CLINIC INCARCERATION • ABSOLUT LIVER TRANSPLANT • ABSOLUT MADNESS • ABSOLUT ULCERS • ABSOLUT FAMILY BREAKUPS • ABSOLUT TEARFUL STORIES • ABSOLUT MULTI-COLORED SNAKE SIGHTINGS • ABSOLUT MIND ROT • ABSOLUT HIGH AS A KITE LOOK • ABSOLUT BOWEL BLINDERS • ABSOLUT TRIPPING UP STAIRS • ABSOLUT BULGING EYEBALLS • ABSOLUT OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE • ABSOLUT PITIFUL ADDICTION • ABSOLUT CONVERSATIONAL GIBBERISH • ABSOLUT INAPPROPRIATE FLATULENCE • ABSOLUT CAREER RUINATION • ABSOLUT BLOTTO • ABSOLUT DIPSOMANIA • ABSOLUT PUBLIC INTOXICATION • ABSOLUT BOTTLE NOSE • ABSOLUT LURCHING DOWN THE STREET • ABSOLUT FACE FALLING INTO SOUP PLATE • ABSOLUT POLLUTED LOOK • ABSOLUT COKEYESES • ABSOLUT PIE-EYED LOOK • ABSOLUT REELING • ABSOLUT STINKOLOOK • ABSOLUT STUPID AD CAMPAIGN

ABSOLUT TRUTH.

